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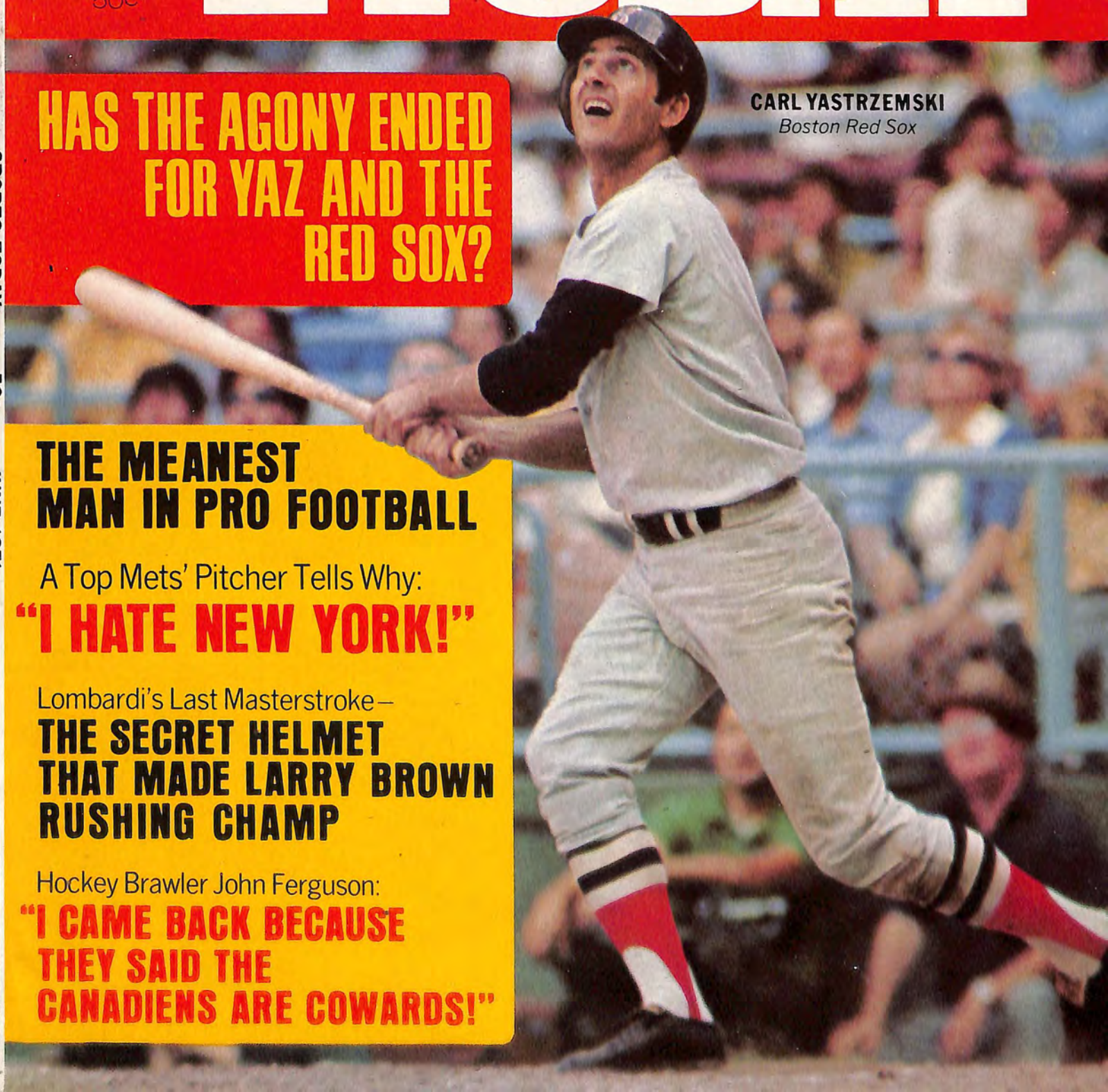

CARL YASTRZEMSKI
Boston Red Sox

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A Top Mets' Pitcher Tells Why:

"I HATE NEW YORK!"

Lombardi's Last Masterstroke–

THE SECRET HELMET THAT MADE LARRY BROWN RUSHING CHAMP

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June
1971

Vol. 2 Contents No. 3

articles

14 **Has the Agony Ended for Yaz and the Red Sox?** ..... Ray Fitzgerald

20 **A Top Mets' Pitcher Tells Why "I Hate New York!"** ..... Maury Allen

26 **Lombardi's Last Masterstroke: The Secret Helmet That Made Larry Brown Rushing Champ** ..... Murray Chass

30 **Why the Cubs Will Revolt Against Durocher** ..... Rick Talley

36 **Margaret Court—"Don't Call Me an Amazon!"** ..... Will Grimsley

42 **The Magic of Earl Monroe** ..... Milton Gross

48 **A Sports Today Photo Feature: The Many Faces of Professional Golf**

54 **The Meanest Man in Pro Football** ..... Mike Rathet

58 **Slugger Reggie Jackson Reveals: "Frank Robinson Put Fear and Frustration Out of my Mind"** ..... Bill Libby

64 **Hockey Brawler John Ferguson: "I Came Back Because They Said The Canadiens Are Cowards!"** ..... Red Fisher

70 **The Hammer Strikes it big in Hollywood** ..... Bill Libby

inside sports today

8 **A Tall Story About Heavyweight Champions** ..... Phil Pepe

10 ***extra points*** ..... Bob Rubin

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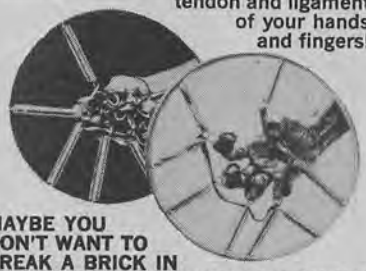

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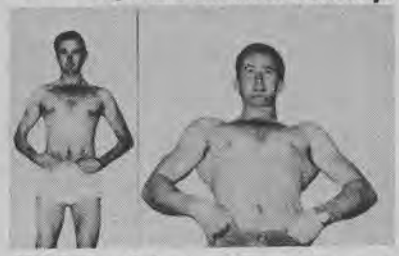

BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

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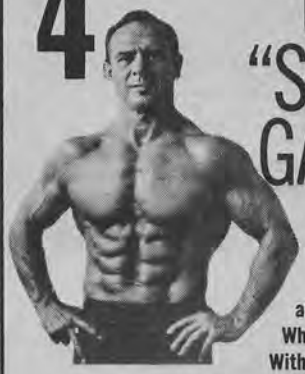

Trims Inches Off Your Middle, Waist, Hips and Lower Back While You Wear It Without Exercising!

Meet my pupil, Irvin Kozewski, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist, weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist," in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irving, **"You wouldn't think that a guy like me could wear the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular while I wear it. I swear by it. You chub-by guys will, too!"**

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Check waist size: ☐ Small (22-30) ☐ Medium (30-35) ☐ Large (35-42)

5 ☐ **WEIGHT-LOSS RX7 Plan** with Free "Shape-Up" course. 2 weeks' suuply only **$11.95**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

6 ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER:** 2 weeks of RX7 Plan, Free "Shape-Up" course and Slim-Gard. $24.00 value only **$19.95**

INSIDE SPORTS TODAY

By Phil Pepe

A TALL STORY ABOUT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

Several years ago, a New York sports editor conceived what he thought would be the most unique spectacle in the history of sports and what he believed also would be its biggest financial bonanza.

This was way before the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier bout. It was, in fact, years before Muhammad Ali. It was when the heavyweight champion of the world was known as Cassius Clay, a flamboyant, brash, loud, outspoken extrovert who had cleaned up all the competition in his division. So dominant was Clay that the editor concluded only one man in the world had the physical strength and stature to pose any threat to him. That man was the basketball giant Wilt Chamberlain. A Clay-Chamberlain match, if it could be arranged, would be the biggest spectacle in sports history. The editor discussed his idea with Chamberlain, who agreed to take the shot because of the money.

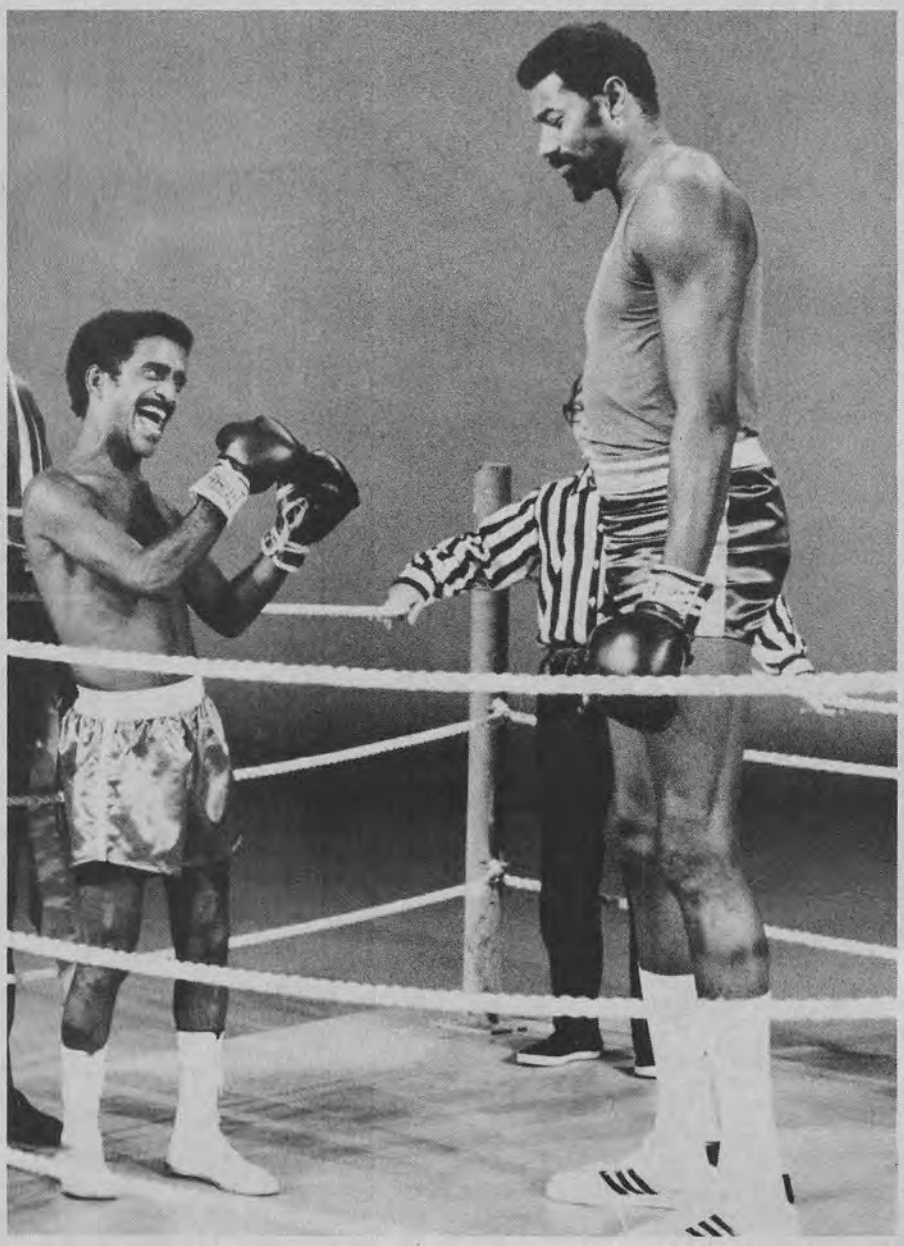
Clay also agreed. He was motivated by vanity, intrigued by the thought of cutting a man so big down to his size. He told one and all exactly how the fight would go.

"The referee calls us into the center of the ring for instructions," Cassius intoned. "He says to Chamberlain, 'No hitting below the belt.' He says to me, 'No hitting above the belt.'

"The bell rings for round one. I come out dancing, looking for an opening. I hit him with three or four lightning left jabs. He doesn't know where the punches are coming from. Now I throw my right . . . t-i-i-i-m-m-m-b-e-r-r-r."

Clay and Chamberlain even posed for publicity pictures, but delayed by the inability to get Wilt licensed, the fight never came off. It may have been a joke and publicity stunt to Ali, but Chamberlain has never forgotten how close he

Continued on page 13



Wilt Chamberlain, here clowning with Sammy Davis Jr., once contemplated fighting for the heavyweight championship. And, says Wilt, "I'm more serious about it now than I ever was."

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

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—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

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Extra Points

By Bob Rubin

Quarterback Johnny Unitas, feeling every one of his 37 years, holds an ice pack against his injured ribs after leaving the Super Bowl.

MOONING OVER MIAMI

The stupor, or blooper or blunder bowl—that underwhelming confrontation between Dallas and Baltimore for pro football's championship—has been history for three months now, but the bad taste still lingers. Without rehashing all the fumbles, stumbles, interceptions and misplays, it is enough to say that Super Bowl V was a disappointing, almost embarassing end to what had been a most exciting season. Ex-Whittier College scrubbini R. M. Nixon, now a government employee and a noted football fan, summed up public reaction to the spectacle in Miami by saying, "I hope I don't make that many mistakes."

Considering the league he's playing in, we all hope Nixon doesn't make that many mistakes. But enough digression. The subject is Super Bowl V and how to prevent it from spreading. One theory that came out of the Miami post mortems held that it was simply a matter of two fine teams playing a sloppy, though exciting game. If that were truly the case, the pro football fan would have nothing to fear. However, there is another, far more disquieting possibility. There is the possibility that Super Bowl V was not a match between the two best teams in pro football—indeed, that there were several teams better than Dallas and Baltimore. More ominous, there is the possibility that we will not necessarily have the game's best teams meeting in future Super Bowls, either. And most ominous, there doesn't seem to be much anyone can do about it.

The problem partly is the nature of football itself. Because of the need for its participants to recover from violence, football can only be played once a week. Thus, unlike practically every other team sport, the number of games that can be played over the course of a season is severely limited. Fewer games, of course, mean that each individual contest becomes that much more significant. This is no problem during the regular 14-game NFL schedule, for a team can lose a number of times and still remain in contention. However, under the present system, it's one loss and out in the three-game pro football playoffs that climax with the Super Bowl. In baseball and basketball, playoffs are decided by the best of three, five and seven game competitions, which leave a team some margin for error or just plain bad luck. In pro football, there's no such margin. That's an enormously significant difference.

There never has been an athlete or a team that performed at its best all the time. If there were, he or it would soon be a bore, since it is the striving for perfection that the fun and games world is all about. In creating a playoff system that will, hopefully, produce the best team in the field as its champion as often as possible, human frailty and luck must be taken into account. One mistake or bad break can cost a baseball or a basketball team a game, but unless it occurs in the final contest of the World Series or NBA playoffs, the team that made the error or suffered the bad luck has a chance to come back. And even if it does happen in the final game it's no tragedy, for that team already had several opportunities during the course of the playoff series to establish its superiority. In football's playoffs, however, a bad game or a bad break means see you next year. Six months of work and sacrifice by 40 men and their coaches go down the drain. There's no opportunity to come back. And we ask football teams to face this Russian Roulette not once but three times en route to the Super Bowl. Speaking conservatively, most observers of the game would not hesitate to name Detroit and Minnesota as pro football's strongest clubs last season. Why weren't they in Super Bowl V? Because for one day—hell, perhaps for one play—they weren't good enough. Or lucky enough.

Jim O'Brien's winning field goal in the closing seconds was one of the few moments of excellence in an otherwise wretchedly poor game.

What can be done about it? Probably not much, for the heart of the problem is cold mathematics—too many teams to be eliminated in too short a time. Before the advent of the AFL in 1960, the NFL was composed of two divisions with the winners of each meeting for the championship. Even though the title was decided on the basis of one game, it was still a more valid test than what we have today simply because it was only one round of Russian Roulette. After a six-year hiatus in which the AFL and NFL each played for their own titles, the great merger again gave pro football a single champion. This time, however, a second round of Russian Roulette was added. Then with last year's massive reorganization from four to six divisions, a third round came in to being, a third opportunity for a great team to blow it all on a fumble, a bad pass, an errant wind—or a bad call. Now with Pete Rozelle talking about 32 pro football teams by the end of the decade, a team will probably have to survive four now-or-never tests to win the Super Bowl.

Did I hear you say lengthen the season and make the playoffs a multi-game affair? Ask your mother, wife or girl friend what she thinks of the idea—then duck. No, even a pro football fanatic has had enough of the game by late January. And since the only other possibility of eliminating Russian Roulette from the playoffs is to eliminate teams instead of expanding and adding new ones, it seems we're stuck with the present system.

KID STUFF

The editor began to read the manuscript hesitantly, as if it contained something offensive—which is often the case with unsolicited stories. This time, however, he was in for a surprise. The story, an updating of the life of former boxing great Henry Armstrong, was a thorough, well-written piece of work, good enough for us to purchase and run next month in our July issue of Sport Scene.

It was the first unsolicited story bought in our office, and it made us curious about the author, one Irvin Muchnick of Creve Coeur, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis. We called and found out that Irvin Muchnick is a freelance writer who had already sold stories to True Magazine and Baseball Digest.

We also found out something else about Irvin Muchnick that he failed to tell the other two publications.

Irvin is a 16-year-old junior at Parkway Central High School.

"It was back in October of 1969, right around the time I turned 15, that I decided I wanted to try to write a story for a magazine," said Muchnick, whose writing experience had been limited to work for his school newspaper and a paper put out by the St. Louis Globe Democrat as part of a citywide junior achievement project. "First I studied how to write and prepared a manuscript, then I started to send out inquiries. I got many, many rejections until over a year later when the Baseball Digest said they were interested in an idea of mine.

"Then I sold an idea to True. I had to fill out forms and everything for this one. They don't know it, but whatever I signed is probably illegal because I'm a minor. I also got a taste of what editors can do to a story. Any similarity between what I wrote and what appeared in print was purely coincidental. I considered it a learning experience. But by far my greatest triumph was selling a story to Sport Scene."

Henry Armstrong, now 58, retired from the ring long before Irvin was born. Did a generation gap hurt their communications? "Far from it," says Irvin. "He was very warm. He lives in the area, so he said to come down and we'd talk. I don't think I'll ever have an easier interview. I asked him one question and he talked for about an hour and a half. He wasn't patronizing. He treated me like a professional and I really appreciated it."

If you read Sport Scene next month, we think you'll agree Irvin deserved to be treated like a professional. He did a professional job. ▲

SPORTS TODAY LETTER BOX

Address letters to
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Please tell your other SPORTS TODAY readers to write to me if they have articles or pictures on the following: Leon Wagner, Jim Ray Hart, Al McBean, Juan Pizarro or Jack Spring.

Rick Juhlin
N6724 Audubon
Spokane, Wash. 99208

Joe Namath isn't that good. He just gets good protection and has good receivers. Almost all the other quarterbacks are as good as Namath.

Robert Offord
Birmingham, Mich.

I liked your article on Wilt Chamberlain in the February issue and would like to congratulate Bill Libby for writing it. I agree with Wilt that somebody has to lose and you can't win every game, and I would like to see some of those big mouth fans down on that court trying to do the jobs the players do. I think fans are animals to treat the players that way.

John LeGore
Hammonton, N. J.

I am taking a poll on who is the most popular hockey player. Those interested in voting please write to me.

Keith Rock
418 South Harvey
Ferguson, Mo. 63135

Keep up the good work with SPORTS TODAY. It is very interesting. I especially liked the article on Jerry Quarry and the one on the Yankees and the Mets.

Anthony De Luca
Long Branch, N. J.

In the February issue I would like to tell you that Rick Talley wrote a great story on Jim Hickman. Very few people realize that Leo Durocher is one of the best managers in the business and it wasn't his fault that the Cubs slumped near the end the last two years.

Harry Tappin
Flushing, N. Y.

Your article on Daryle Lamonica was the best one yet. You can talk all you want about Joe Namath, Lenny Dawson and Johnny Unitas. They are good, but Lamonica is better. I hope there will be more articles on the greatest quarterback there is.

Susan Fennie
Lackawanna, N. Y.

Please tell me if Mike Curtis, middle linebacker of the Baltimore Colts, is married or is planning to get married?

Diane L.
Buffalo, N. Y.

EDITORS NOTE: The most recent information is that Curtis is engaged to be married to a teacher of retarded children. Her name is Marty Boone. That's right . . . Marty.

My congratulations to Bill Libby on his article "Wilt Chamberlain Reveals — Fans Treat Losers Like Animals." Chamberlain truly deserves recognition because of the fact that he has done a lot of things to help popularize basketball. He has some faithful fans way down South.

Larry Deno Meade
Hollandale, Miss.

Upon being given an assignment as a freshman in High School to write a ballad, I decided to write one on my football hero, Joe Namath. After gathering information, I put together a ballad which I received an A on. Sports Today (December issue) was most helpful with its story on Namath.

Debbie Soriano
Somerville, N. J.

EDITORS NOTE: Here is Miss Soriano's effort in part:

A bachelor born in Beaver Falls
By the name of Broadway Joe
Rose to fame in the Super Bowl
With the Colts as his foe

He's played like a lion
Against the teams he has met
A white-shoed quarterback
Our number twelve of the Jets.

Johnny Bench was chosen the National League MVP and the Athlete of the Year. Do you think he deserved to win these honors?

Renard Wright
Englewood, N. J.

EDITORS NOTE: Yes on the MVP. However, I question the accuracy of Bench's Athlete of the Year designation. Bobby Orr, George Blanda or Brooks Robinson were named by most reputable publications and organizations.

READERS: BE SURE TO WATCH FOR THE JULY ISSUE OF **SPORT SCENE** on sale starting May 4th and for the August issue of **SPORTS TODAY** on your newsstands starting June 3.

Rocky Marciano, who retired as an undefeated heavyweight champion, stood only 5-10.

Muhammad Ali, says he would hit Wilt with a right then, "T-i-i-i-m-m-m-b-e-r-r-r."

At 6-5¾, Primo Carnera was taller than any heavyweight champ except the 6-6 Jess Willard. However, Primo had a far from distinguished reign, holding the crown less than a year.

INSIDE SPORTS TODAY

continued from page 8

came to fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world. And thinking about how much money he could make from such a fight, Chamberlain has not abandoned the idea.

"I'm more serious about it now than I ever was," says Chamberlain, who makes $250,000 a year playing for the Los Angeles Lakers. "My basketball contract runs out after this season and then I'll be free to do anything I want. I guess people will laugh when they hear that I want to fight. I don't think this is a fantasy. I know I could move as fast as Clay and nobody has a longer left jab than I have. If I can develop a good right hand punch and learn how to defend myself, I think I would have a good chance to win the title."

A pretty good authority named Jim Brown will attest that Chamberlain is the strongest man in the world. A few years ago, Chamberlain and the former Cleveland Browns' fullback engaged in their own makeshift Olympics—arm wrestling, a 100-yard sprint and weight lifting. Chamberlain won them all—easily.

The thought of Chamberlain in the ring is intriguing. Just what kind of fighter would he make? He stands 7-2 and weighs 290 with arms like tree trunks. He is as agile as most heavyweights. I believe Jim Brown when he says Wilt is the strongest man in the world and I will have to assume he can punch, being too much of a coward to find out. The kind of pounding he takes

continued on page 74

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Dick Williams did it. In 1967, Dick Williams took the fat-cat Boston Red Sox and intimidated them into a pennant. He combined sarcasm, fines, benchings, pats-on-the-back, squeeze plays and outrageous hunches with Yastrzemski, Lonborg and an inordinate amount of luck, and whadya' know?

Look ma, we won. The country club kids, fabled in song and story for 30 years as Tom Yawkey's spoiled brats, had done what they had always been paid very well to do but never did—they played as a team. Maybe the complacent country club years were over.

And maybe not. Now it is 1971 and the Red Sox are trying to recoup from the indignity of finishing 21 games behind the Baltimore Orioles last season. They are also trying to escape once more from the accusing finger that points to them as a collection of overpaid, spoiled stars, unfamiliar with the word teamwork.

"A lot of bull," said Carl Yastrzemski when confronted with that lack of teamwork accusation. "Baseball is mostly an individual game. It's not football or basketball, where what you do depends on the other guy's block or pass. Ninety-eight percent of the time it's you against the pitcher, or you against the line drive. You do or you don't in baseball, and teamwork doesn't have much to do with it.

"I get a laugh out of this business of being a team player. A guy tries to move a runner from second to third by hitting to the right. He fouls a couple off and then pops out and everybody says, 'Well, he tried, he's a helluva team player.'

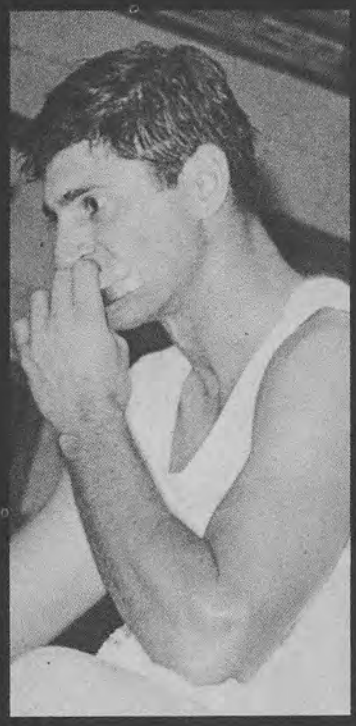
"That's horse manure. Do it, do the job, then you're a team player. But what the hell's the good if you can't execute. That's why Baltimore was so great last year. They did all those little things well."

Mike Andrews, however, has a different feeling about the Red Sox as a team. Andrews was a rookie in 1967 and was the regular second baseman until Boston traded him to the White Sox last December.

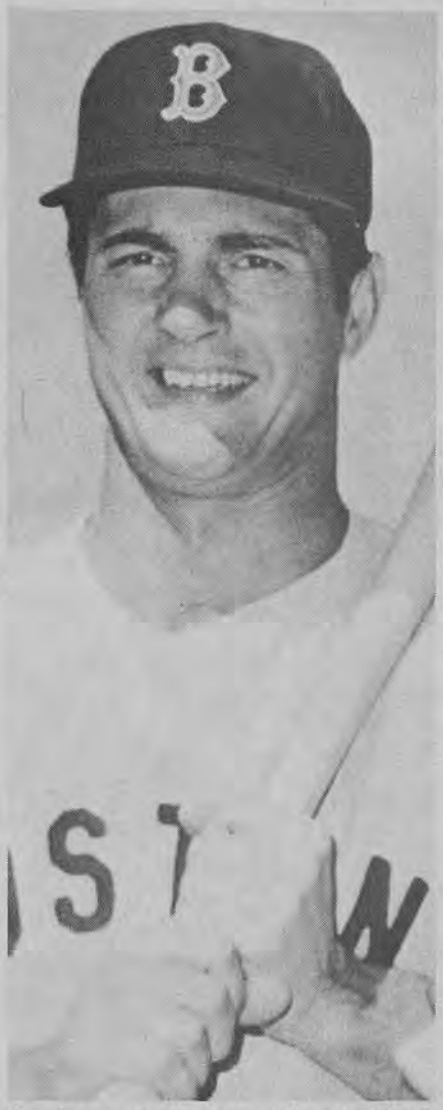
"We, I mean they, could improve on team attitude," Andrews said. "It's not so much what goes on in a game, although there certainly were times when guys didn't put out 100 percent. What I'm talking about is a feeling, a one-for-all kind of thing. Guys have to act as though they really care in

HAS THE AGONY ENDED FOR YAZ AND THE RED SOX?

By
Ray Fitzgerald



The Red Sox have had a reputation for being a team that fails to live up to its potential. "Right from the manager on down, the guys have to think baseball, baseball, baseball," says Carl Yastrzemski, the team's star and spokesman. "That's what makes a team." The words are true, but they're easier said than done



Yaz, is as potent as ever with a bat in his hands. Above right, he receives congratulations after one of his 40 homers in '70.

little things like showing up on time, talking baseball, helping each other, not nit-picking at each other's faults."

In a radio interview after he was traded, Andrews said that if everybody were as much a team man as Rico Petrocelli, the Red Sox would be much better off. This was immediately interpreted to mean Petrocelli was the only team player on the club.

"That's not what I meant at all," said Andrews. "Yaz was tremendous last year. He did more as a team player than ever before. He seemed to take more of an interest in everyone. I think Gary Peters talked Yaz into going out of his way to help. One suggestion from Yaz is worth 20 from somebody like me."

Perhaps Yastrzemski, who in the past had been cited as the No. 1 example of selfishness on the Red Sox, was a team player in 1970, but there were others suspected of being wrapped up in their own self-interest.

The Red Sox traded Tony Conigliaro to the California Angels, despite his 36 homers in 1970 and 116 runs batted in, for a relief pitcher and a minor league second baseman nobody in the organization had ever seen. On paper, it didn't make sense. Owner Tom Yawkey, who approved both the Conigliaro and Andrews trades, explained the Red Sox reasoning.

"We were last in double plays, sixth in pitching, last in fielding. What do you do, go along with stuff like that? No sir, not this man. We had to do something to help the defense, right? So Tony went and Mike went."

Andrews went because of fielding deficiences, not because he lacked esprit de corps, for if there was a man who would climb the Bunker Hill Monument to win a game it was Andrews.

However, the dealing of Tony C. was something else again.

General manager Dick O'Connell said he thought it best that the Red Sox break up the Conigliaro brothers, outfielders Tony and Billy. He did not care to cite any reasons. However, there were incidents. Two years ago, when the Red Sox shipped Billy Conigliaro to Louisville and kept Joe Lahoud, Tony flayed the front office in print. Then in spring training last year, utility man George Thomas, trying to bolster rookie Billy Conigliaro's confidence, said he thought the Red Sox best outfield would be Yaz in left, Billy in center and Reggie Smith in right.

"What about Tony?," asked Billy.

Thomas, realizing he had made a tactical error, them compounded it by mumbling "we could use another starting pitcher."

Word got back to Tony and from then on it would have been a mistake to invite him and Thomas to the same party.

And there were a couple of game incidents in 1970 that suggested the team did not always come first with either Conigliaro. With the bases loaded in the 12th inning against Baltimore late in the season, Billy C. was batting with Tony on third. The Oriole pitcher unleashed a wild heave and Tony scored the wining run. With general manager O'Connell looking down from his skyview box, Billy threw his bat down in disgust at not be-

Yastrzemski's skills are not limited to the plate. Here he demonstrates a perfect hook slide as he gets around the tag of Don Mincher.

Boston's biggest celebrities sometimes get together. That's Yaz with ex-Celtic great Bill Russell, left, and with Senator Ted Kennedy.

ing allowed the honor of driving in the winning run. Tony put his arm around his brother, commiserating with him on his tough luck. The fact that the Red Sox had just won a game did not seem the important thing.

There was also a shoe polish episode. Yastrzemski was on third base and Tony at bat when a low pitch skipped to the backstop. Yaz scored easily, but Tony asked umpire Emmett Ashford to examine the ball. Ashford did, discovered a shoe-polish smudge, and sent Tony to first. He also sent Yaz back to third, because runners can't advance on a hit batsman.

"I only wanted him to look at the ball because it acted funny," Tony claimed afterward.

"He asked me to see if the ball had shoe polish on it," said Ashford.

Somebody was bending the truth, or didn't hear well, or didn't speak clearly.

Anyway, Tony is gone, and the outfield is the way Thomas said it ought to be—Yaz, Billy C. and Smith. Which brings us to what may be the No. 1 problem of the Red Sox—how to get Smith to perform to the best of his very considerable ability.

There are times when Smith is absolutely sensational — throwing men out with what may be the strongest arm in baseball, hitting line drives from either side of the plate, taking away sure extra-base hits with leaping catches. But there are other times when he seems to be in a daze, times he makes foolish plays. He is going into his fifth major league season and still hasn't approached consistency. But when a writer suggested this in a column last year, Smith called him a liar and communication between the two since then has been scant indeed.

However, the fact is that even Smith's teammates, including Yastrzemski, his closest friend on the club, feel as the writer does.

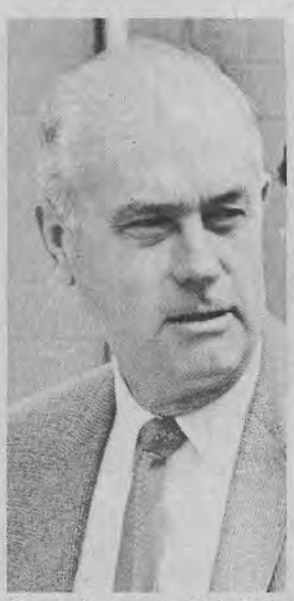
"Reggie Smith," said Yastrzemski, "has more ability than any player in the major leagues and that includes Johnny Bench. He can run and he can switch hit, and Bench doesn't do either of those. He can hit with power and has a great arm. But he gets into moods that are impossible to penetrate. Things bother him and they show. Emotionalism is part of baseball. When I don't get a hit every time up I hate myself. But I get over it, or at least subdue my feelings to some extent."

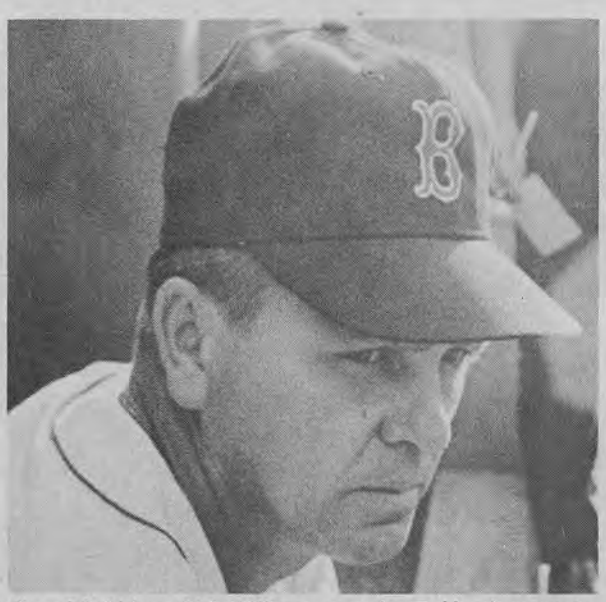
Smith, with a shot at winning the batting championship in each of the last two seasons, sat out the last couple of weeks both years with what can best be described as minor ailments.

"I don't doubt he felt lousy," commented one Red Sox player. "But he should have played. A lot of guys feel lousy and don't want to go to the office. Still, they go and wind up forgetting how bad they feel. He hurt only himself by staying out of the lineup. I don't know if Eddie got on him, but something has to happen."

"Eddie" is Eddie Kasko, the mild, professorial-looking man who replaced Williams as manager of this athletic zoo. Last season was his first as a major league manager and he admits he made plenty of mistakes.

Shortstop Rico Petrocelli was singled out as an example of a man who always hustles.





General manager Dick O'Connell and field boss Dick Williams, now the Oakland manager, combined to shake the Red Sox of complacency in '67, the year they last captured a pennant.

Ex-Boston second baseman Mike Andrews tried to put his finger on exactly what the Red Sox lack. "What I'm talking about is a feeling," Andrews said, "a one-for-all kind of thing."

The failure of Reggie Smith to fulfill his great promise is one big Red Sox problem.

"I think Eddie will be more demanding," said George Thomas. "He's quiet by nature and not the threatening type, but I think things will be a little different this season."

"He's going to have to speak out more," said Mike Andrews. "I've played for two big league managers — the silent one and the domineering type — and I have to say the domineering man got the better results.

"I don't say Eddie has to be domineering all the time, but it's better to have guys get mad and play better than for everyone to be contented and not play as a team. Certain guys will take advantage of Eddie's good nature, so he has to demand more from those players."

Yastrzemski, a three-time batting titleholder, feels the most important job a manager has is keeping in tune with his 25 players. Baseball strategy, he said, is mostly playing percentages and any manager can handle that sort of thing easily.

"A manager doesn't have to be tough, but he must have a player's respect," said Yaz. "That doesn't mean everyone has to be happy. Hell, how can 25 guys be happy when only eight, plus five or six pitchers are being used regularly?

"But ballplayers are people. A ballplayer's kid can get sick, or his house can have water in the cellar. Things bother ballplayers like they bother other human beings. A manager has to know a player's moods. If he's sulking, talk to him. If he's depressed, find out why. Kick him in the tail if he needs it."

The accusation that bothers Yastrzemski most is that he's responsible for managers being fired. The finger pointed at Yaz when Johnny Pesky went, again when Billy Herman was canned and once more when Williams was dropped.

"You read stuff that I run to Mr. Yawkey complaining about the managers. That irritates the hell out of me. Nobody ever asks me what we're talking about. I talk to him about hunting and fishing because he has a game preserve in South Carolina and I love to fish. I talk to him about players on other teams when he asks me. Last year, one time, he asked how Al Kaline was swinging the bat, and whether Bill Butler or Jim Rooker of Kansas City was the better looking young pitcher.

"Another time there was a picture in the Boston papers of me sitting in the stands with Mr. Yawkey before a game at Fenway. Right away, people thought 'There goes Yaz again, after the manager.' Well, we were talking about a car dealership I was going into in Lynn. I was telling him that the deal was set for September, but that it wouldn't interfere with my main job, which was playing for the Red Sox. He said fine, and that was that. I never once have discussed a man-

Tony Conigliaro, whose team spirit sometimes was suspect, is now with the Angels.

ager or criticized a teammate to Mr. Yawkey."

Can the Red Sox win the 1971 pennant? Can Yastrzemski, Smith, Billy Conigliaro, George Scott, Petrocelli, Ray Culp, Sonny Siebert, Gary Peters, Sparky Lyle and the newcomers — Luis Aparicio, reliever Ken Tatum, rookie Doug Griffin and untested catcher Bob Montgomery — put together enough to beat the talented Orioles?

"We have to be realistic," said Yastrzemski. "The Orioles have one helluva team. Last year in spring training I thought we had a helluva shot and by the All-Star break we were 20 games back.

"What we have to do to stay close is to get ready individually every day to play. Right from the manager on down the guys have to think baseball, baseball, baseball. That's what makes a team. ▲

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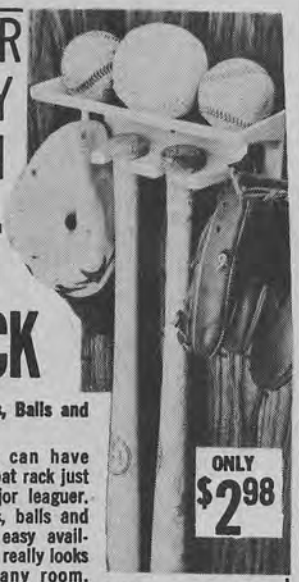

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A TOP METS' PITCHER TELLS WHY "I HATE NEW YORK!"

By Maury Allen

The big city has little appeal for Gary Gentry, a man used to the wide open spaces of Arizona. "New York is a dirty, dirty town," Gentry says with obvious distaste. "I can't leave soon enough when the year's out"

On a sun-filled winter day outside his home in Phoenix, Arizona, Mets' righthander Gary Gentry put on a light, plaid sports shirt, leather riding pants with a huge shiny buckle and soft buckskin boots. He walked outside, lifted a saddle over a grey pony and climbed up on the horse. He rode for several miles, the sweat running down his neck, until the sun fell and the air cooled and he headed home. He sat in the den of his three-bedroom house playing with his two-year-old son Chris and his huge St. Bernard Zeke while his wife prepared dinner in the large kitchen.

A few months later Gentry walked out of the players' entrance at Shea Stadium. He wore a light blue windbreaker and dark slacks against the raw spring evening. A dozen hands crawled over him as he walked quickly to his Buick station wagon. A half dozen kids sat on the front hood of the car. They pushed and shoved at him as he reached for his keys. "Sign this, Gentry," they demanded. They shoved old newspapers, brown lunch bags fresh with the smell of used salami, and ink-stained sheets of paper at him.

He worked his way into his car, crept slowly through the parking lot as several kids beat a tune on his fenders, and made it to the Cross Island

Rude fans are one reason Gentry hates New York. "Maybe the kids who ask for autographs in the next town I play in won't yell, 'Hey, Gentry, gimme your autograph,' " the hurler says.

Baltimore's Jim Palmer was beaten by Gary in the third game of the '69 World Series.

Gary learned he was going to get a Series start from Met pitching coach Rube Walker.

Parkway on the way home to his rented house in Bayside, Queens. Then he sat in his car breathing automobile fumes as the traffic clogged at the entrance to the Whitestone Bridge.

"I hate New York," Gentry said. "I don't care if I'm traded as long as it's in the major leagues. I get tired of kids calling at me, 'Hey Gentry,' and pushing and shoving me. New York is a dirty, dirty town. I wouldn't want to bring up my children here. I'm glad we only stay for six months. I can't leave soon enough when the year's out. People aren't friendly here. Everyone seems too busy catching the five o'clock commuter train to be nice."

Gentry's life at home in Phoenix is different. He breathes clean air. There is space and comfort and a reasonable pace to a day. There are clean shopping centers for his wife to shop and open highways to ride on.

"I don't do much all winter," he says, "but I have a wonderful time. I just rest. One afternoon I might ride. The next afternoon I might get into my Ferrari or onto my motorcycle and take off. In 15 minutes I will be up in the moutains in Squaw Peak in the Camelback range. I just go up and down the trails and look at the mountains and the woods and the trees. I might not see another person for hours."

Gentry, a rookie sensation in 1969 for the Mets and a vital cog in their miracle pennant with a 13-12 season, the division-clinching victory over the Cardinals and a World Series victory, slumped to a 9-9 last season and came up with a sore arm. He doesn't blame New York for his off year.

"I forget all that when I go out to pitch," he said. "When I'm playing ball that's the only thing I think of."

Gentry admits that he likes going on the road, away from Shea, away from New York.

"I don't like leaving my family," he said, "but I like leaving New York. You get on a team bus in Houston or San Francisco or St. Louis and people don't shout at you. Kids ask for autographs but they ask in a nice way. People are smiling and pleasant. The crowds are easier to take."

Gentry's name came up dozens of times over the winter in possible Mets deals. It didn't bother him a bit. "I enjoy the guys I'm playing with," he said, "but I'm sure I could make friends on other clubs. If I got traded I might do better. Maybe people would think of me differently."

Gentry and Met manager Gil Hodges have had several differences of opinion in the past. Gary feels Hodges takes him out of games too soon.

Like all Mets pitchers, there is an extra burden on Gentry, as there is on Jerry Koosman or Jim McAndrew or Nolan Ryan. "I'm pitching against the Seaver image," he says, "we all are." Tom Seaver is the standard of excellence around the Mets and any pitcher who isn't as good, isn't as intense, isn't as smart on the mound, looks bad by comparison. Even Seaver looked bad in 1970 by comparison with his own near-perfect pitching in 1969.

"He's the ace and he has earned it," said Gentry without bitterness. "But he starts a game and he knows he will finish. I start a game and if I give up a couple of runs early I'm gone."

Manager Gil Hodges of the Mets feels Gentry has not pitched as well as he can. Gentry has a way of getting under Hodges' hide. "He's got a lot of potential," said Hodges, "but some ball players have potential all their lives. He's young, he's learning but he has to prove it on the field."

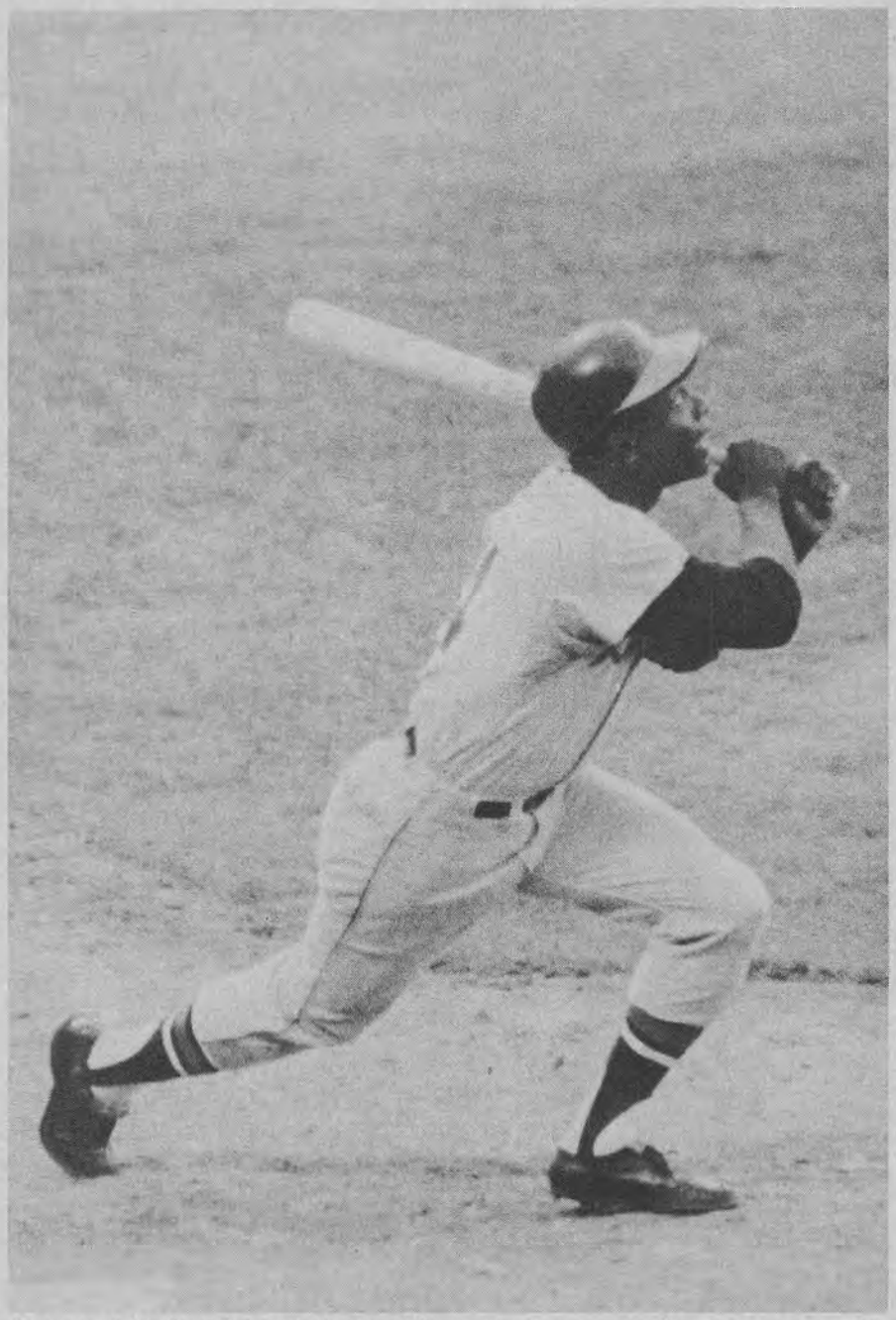
In his own defense, Gentry said he felt he didn't get an equal shot at getting out of trouble early in a game as some other pitchers on the club did last season. "I was pitching against St. Louis," he said. "I had a 4-1 lead with two out in the ninth, a couple of men on and a right-handed hitter coming up. He relieves me. Another time I gave up a three-run homer in the first inning at Houston. He pinch hits for me in the second inning. That's why I am a tough bargainer in baseball when it's contract time. I expect to get paid for the mental anguish as well as the physical torture."

The mental anguish comes to Gentry every time he is removed from a game. Unlike most young pitchers who give Hodges the ball sheepishly, Gentry stares back at Hodges when he comes to the mound, screws up his face in pain and holds tightly to the baseball until it is wrestled from him by the manager.

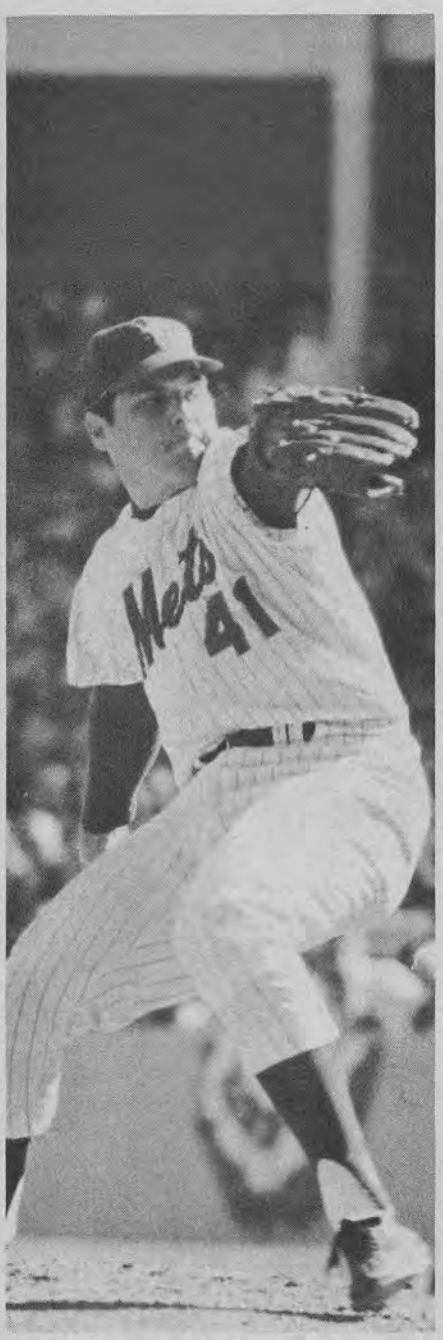
"I never want to leave," Gentry says, "because I always feel I can get the next man out."

Gentry's reluctance to leave the scene of his crimes has not endeared him to Hodges, who says threateningly, that no pitcher has a lock on a starting role in 1971. From the day he became a Met in 1969, Gentry has been one of the best starters on the club. Seaver and Koosman pitched the first two games of the pennant year and Gentry pitched the third game.

"That season nobody expected much from the team and nobody expected much



One complaint about Gentry is that he yields homers in key spots. One last year was hit by Henry Aaron, above. Gary's only consolation was that bad Henry hits them off everybody.



On the Mets, the pitching standard against which everyone is measured is Tom Seaver.

from me," he said. "It made it easy all around."

Gentry said all of that changed last season when the Mets opened up the defense of their World's Championship. "I think our problem in 1970 was that we all tried to win the pennant the very first day of the season," Gentry said, "and we never stopped trying."

There was a mental aspect to the fall and Gentry, an intelligent, articulate, confident young man, felt it early in the season. "We couldn't get excited," he said. "In 1969 each game was exciting and great fun. It wasn't that way last year."

Not much of 1970 was fun for Gentry. He started slowly, couldn't win, came up with arm trouble, took a long time recovering and ended at 9-9 with a 3.69 ERA for a team not known as the Big Met Machine for hitting prowess. "I have a tendency to give up a couple of runs early. On a ball club like ours, where we have to scratch for runs, that really hurts. It seemed like I was always pitching from a deficit. And a lot of times I would be out early," he said.

At 24, Gentry has now had two full seasons in the major leagues. This is the year he should prove if he is going to be a star or just another third or fourth pitcher. If he doesn't do it for the Mets, he would be just as happy trying it someplace else. "Maybe if I did get traded I would go to a club that scored runs early so I could stay in the game late and work things out for myself," he said.

Last year's unhappy season was the first setback Gentry had ever known in his athletic career. He was a standout in Little League and as a high school player in Phoenix. He was a second baseman in high school, a guard in basketball and an all-scholastic end in football. "I always wanted to be a baseball player," he said, "everything I ever did was pointing in that direction."

In 1965 he pitched Phoenix Junior College to a national JC title after switching from the infield. Then he entered Arizona State, home of big bonus baseball players (Rick Monday, Sal Bando, teammate Duffy Dyer, etc.), turned in a 17-1 season in 1967 and pitched the Tempe School to the College World Series title. He had previously been drafted by the Orioles, Astros and Giants and had turned each club down. In June of 1967, the Mets drafted him.

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"I had accomplished all I could in college ball," he said. "Now I felt I was ready to sign. I didn't think I was ready when the other clubs drafted me.

That summer Tom Seaver was on his way to the NL Rookie of the Year award. Jerry Koosman was to miss out by a half vote to Johnny Bench in 1968, while Gentry was turning in a 12-8 year at Jacksonville. Gentry was the hand-picked successor to the two fine pitchers in the star-pitcher-a-year-club the Mets were enjoying. "With the college experience and the good year at Jacksonville I knew I was ready for the major leagues. I just wanted to make the club. I didn't expect to be the third starter," he said.

Hodges and pitching coach Rube Walker gave Gentry the ball and let him go. By the middle of spring training he was guaranteed a place on the team. By the last week of March he was a regular starter. With the first week of April he was named to pitch the third game.

Gentry became a regular starter and never missed a turn all year. The Mets went on a eleven-game winning streak in late May and established themselves as serious contenders. They wiped the Cubs out in two series with Gentry winning both his starts. He won four games in September, lost only once and shut the Cardinals out, 5-0, in the division-clinching game. Two hours after the fans tore up Shea Stadium in glee, Gentry stood at home plate and surveyed the wreckage.

"I wanted to be part of it," he said. "I wanted to see what World War III would be like.

He started the third game of the playoffs against Atlanta, was wild and was hit hard and gave way to Nolan Ryan.

In the World Series, Seaver and Koosman got the first two starts. "I'll have to see how we do in the first two games before we name the third pitcher," said Hodges.

Gentry knew he was the pitcher all along. "Rube told me when to throw. That gave it away."

He was ready when they gave him the ball. He started the third game against Jim Palmer, the blazing fastballer of the Orioles, but Gentry was the pitcher everybody watched. He had a marvelous fastball himself, kept the ball away from the big hitters and shut them out for six and two third innings. Then Nolan Ryan saved it, thanks to Tommie Agee's miracle catch.

The Mets went on to sweep the last four games of the series after Seaver had been beaten in the first game. Koosman won the second game, Gentry the third, Seaver the fourth and Koosman the last. "When we split the first two," said Earl Weaver, " I figured we would win. Those were the two pitchers we feared. Gentry wasn't supposed to be that good. He was faster than we thought and had a better curveball."

Gentry, who is six-feet tall, weighed 165 pounds during the Series. Physically, he didn't seem capable of throwing that hard. The following spring he came to camp at 185. New he is nearing 195.

Both Seaver and Koosman are 200-pounders. They are allowed to pitch nine innings as often as they can.

Under the rotation Hodges and Rube Walker have set up, every starter goes with four days rest instead of three days as practiced by some managers. "I believe pitchers are stronger later in the season if they work on that rotation," Hodges said.

Gentry allowed 19 home runs in 188 innings last season. He seemed to give

continued on page 75

By Murray Chass

LOMBARDI'S LAST MASTERSTROKE: THE SECRET HELMET THAT MADE LARRY BROWN RUSHING CHAMP

Vince the Great and Terrible installed a simple, cheap hearing aid in Brown's helmet and changed him from a frightened, little-known rookie into one of the game's brightest young stars

SUCH players as Paul Hornung, Jim Taylor, Bart Starr and Jerry Kramer spent most of their professional careers playing under Vince Lombardi. Larry Brown experienced it for only one season. But like those superstars, Brown was indelibly branded with the Lombardi philosophy of football.

"My main concern is with winning," the outstanding young Washington Redskin running back says. "I never read the statistics or get hung up with myself. Coach Lombardi always said we didn't have any superstars on the team."

"When I'm running." he says, for another example, "I have to find a hole whether there's one or not. One of Coach Lombardi's philosophies was run to daylight. When you hit a hole, if it's not there, find another one."

Hornung and Taylor and the others learned the Lombardi philosophy and lived their football lives by it. But Lombardi went one giant step further with Brown, an emigrant from the worst of Pittsburgh's several black ghettos. Even though he wasn't around to see it happen, the brilliant coach and master strategist greatly aided Brown to the National Football League rushing championship in 1970.

The Redskins' coach actually paved the way for Brown's rushing crown before the start of the 1969 season when he discovered that Brown, a rookie, had a hearing problem. Lombardi corrected it by having a special hearing aid installed in the youngster's

Brown rolled up 1,125 yards rushing last season, thanks largely to Lombardi's run to daylight philosophy. "When you hit a hole," he explains, "if it's not there, find another one."

helmet. The hearing device was a ten-cent top compared with some of Lombardi's earlier gadgets—such as the $80,000 "electric blanket" installed beneath the turf to warm the field at Green Bay—but it turned out to be as successful as any of them.

Brown has been almost deaf in his right ear since birth, but he never told anyone about it. He especially didn't tell Lombardi, whose team he was trying to make ahead of the 20 other backs invited to Lombardi's first training camp at Washington.

Lombardi was impressed over-all with Brown, an eighth-round draft choice from Kansas State, but he was disturbed by his delay in starting each play. Since Brown had such good speed and quickness, Lombardi decided to investigate before cutting him.

"Coach asked me one day if I could hear the signals because I was getting off the ball late," Brown recalls. "I knew what he was suggesting—that maybe I didn't know the plays. I told him I knew the plays, but I was blowing some of them because I was concentrating on other things, like executing them.

"Still he kept on looking for something wrong in the films. He finally asked me if my hearing was all right, and when I told him about my ear, he offered me an explanation. He said I was waiting to see the snap of the ball before starting instead of going off with the quarterback's count."

For a man who was able to heat an entire football field, fixing a man's hearing—especially when he has only one bad ear—was no challenge at all. All Lombardi did was get a receiving device that fit into the right side of Brown's helmet and was wired to an amplifier over his good left ear.

"Doctors had told me that the hearing in my left ear was better than most people had in two ears put together," says the 5-foot-11, 195-pound Brown. "But sometimes when somebody was talking into my ear, crowd noises would make all the sounds blur together. With the hearing device, my hearing is as normal as it was before but loud noises don't blur the signals."

There certainly was nothing blurry about Brown's playing last season. He led the NFL—both conferences—with 1,125 yards rushing, compiling a very healthy 4.7-yard-per-carry average, and caught 37 passes, only a handful behind the totals of the team's extremely talented receivers —Jerry Smith's 43 and Charley Taylor's 42. The result of his performance was selection to the all-league team as the premier running back and a spot in the post-season All-Star game for the second time in his two seasons in the NFL. Another result, more important to Brown, is that once again he has proved himself worthy, a feeling that has been the driving force behind his climb out of the

ghetto to the top of the pro football world.

"This is one of the main reasons I can attribute my success to," says the 23-year-old back, who until last season had been unheralded wherever he went—from Schenley High School to the Washington Redskins. "I've always had to prove myself. This is something I've had to work at. It doesn't happen overnight. I was never a glamor back, a guy who received publicity. I just decided I would have to work harder."

Brown has been working harder ever since his family moved from the small mill town of Clairton, Pa., to the Hill District of Pittsburgh. One of three sons of a Pennsylvania Railroad baggageman, Brown learned very quickly what it took to survive in the Hill. "Being in that neighborhood," he relates, "I had to be associated with some of the rougher kids. You have to be rough, too, to get along with them. You have to be rough to survive. I'm not saying we had violent street fights every day, but everybody you associated with, you had to say the right things all the time. One little thing wrong and you got into an argument. I didn't have very many fights—I can remember four or five. I was jumped once, but fortunately I came out of that okay. Usually, though, I got along with everybody."

Brown had to be especially diplomatic because he played the usual sports when he was a young boy and each game produced its share of potentially explosive situations. Interestingly, young Larry's favorite sport was baseball until he reached ninth grade.

"My father was really disappointed when I switched to football," Larry recalls, "because he played baseball as a kid but the opportunity wasn't available to him to express himself. I think he wanted me to follow in his footsteps."

Instead, Brown wound up following in the footsteps of two of his favorite players—Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor. In a way, his success was surprising. When he started playing football at Schenley High he had no reason to believe he might even have a chance at pro football. It's not that he didn't have potential. It was the area in which he played that didn't seem to have the potential.

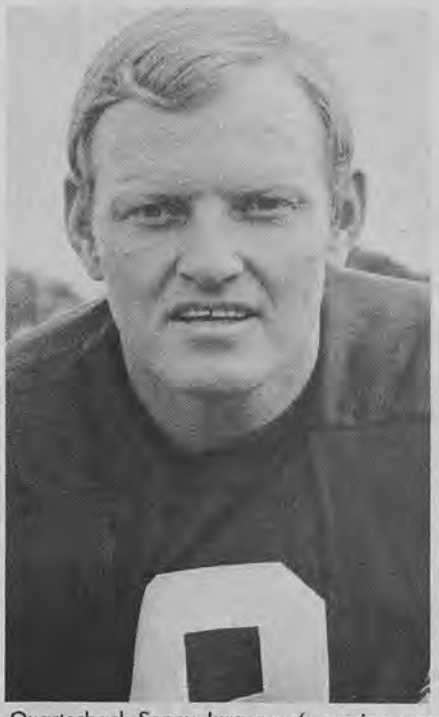
Schenley plays in Pittsburgh's City League, which has been noted more for the fights waged in the stands than for the football played on the field. The fights, which too often reached the riot level, usually erupted when a predominantly white school played a predominantly black school. ("I can remember one fight during a game, but it was all in the stands," Brown says. "They got us players out of there as fast as possible, but before we got away altogether they started throwing rocks at the bus.")

Pittsburgh is located in Western Pennsylvania, an area noted for its assembly-

continued on page 74

Teammate Vince Promuto, a guard, admires the way Brown goes after that extra yard.

Ex-Skins' coach Bill Austin says, "I don't know of a better halfback in the league."



Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen's passing was enhanced by the threat of Brown's running.

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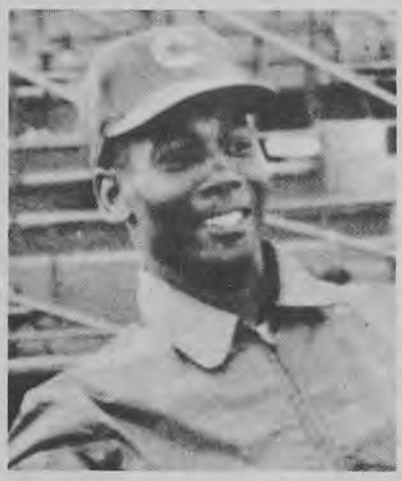
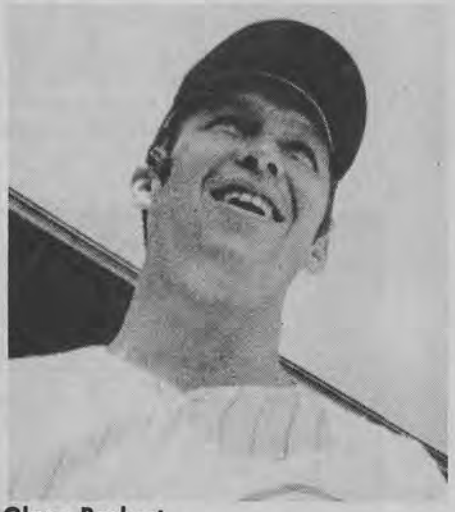


Ernie Banks

Don Kessinger

WHY THE CUBS WILL REVOLT AGAINST DUROCHER



Glenn Beckert

By Rick Talley

"We estimate Leo lost at least eight to ten games for us in 1970," says a Cub veteran with disgust. It's an open secret in Chicago that the club won't stand for a repeat performance this year. Leo must win—or he's out

Leo's last stand.

That's the status of Leo Durocher with the 1971 Chicago Cubs. He'll be fired if the Cubs don't capture the National League's eastern division championship and he may not last through the month of June if they're not contending.

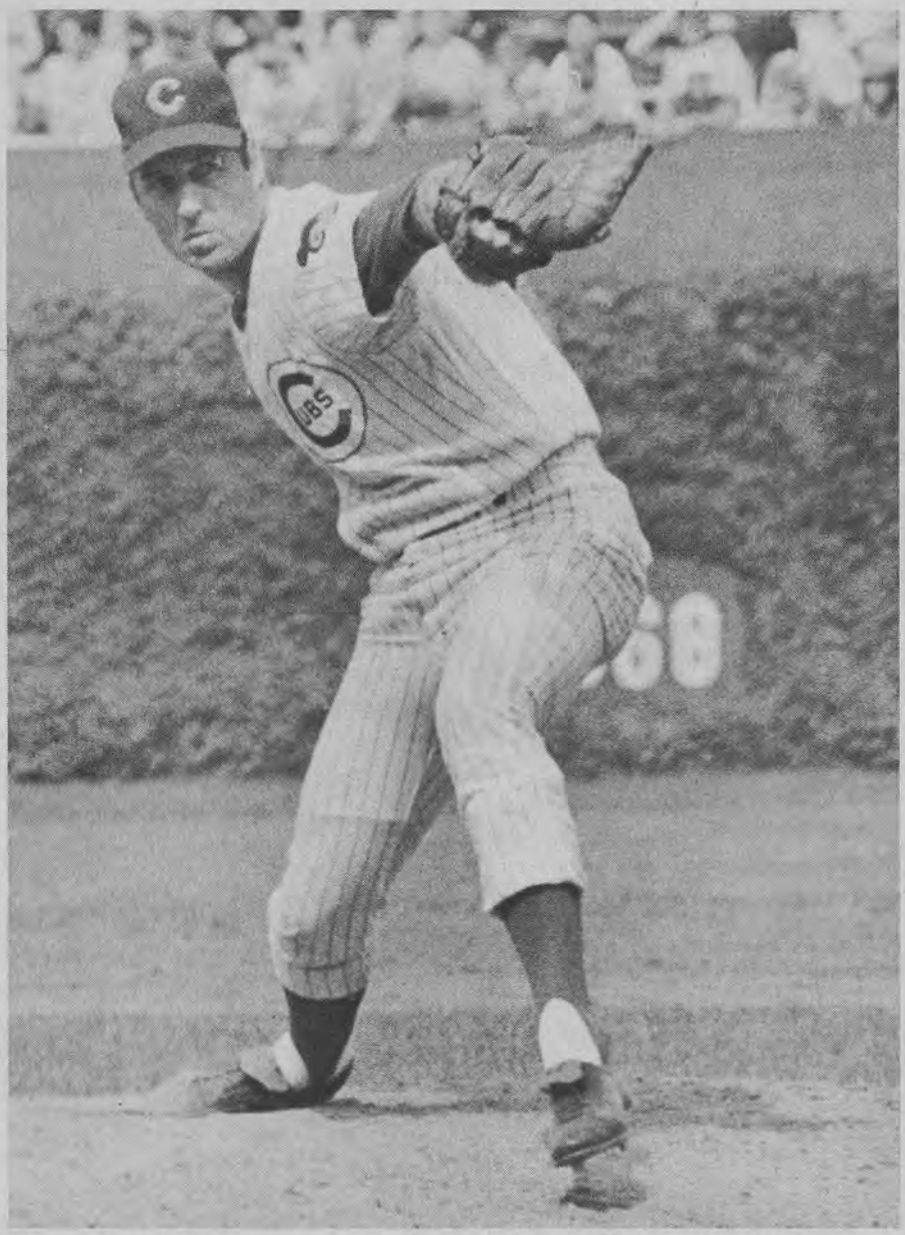
That's where Leo is perched, precariously. And there aren't many Cub players ready to extend a helping hand if Leo starts to slip. The Cubs, after five seasons under Leo, have revolted.

It's a quiet revolution . . . so far. The players aren't criticizing Leo in the newspapers and nobody has thrown anything at him in the clubhouse. At least, not yet. But they could rebel vociferously soon. Even now, the Cubs, who have failed miserably in two consecutive September pennant drives, are doing a lot of talking among themselves about Durocher's shortcomings. They no longer believe in him. In particular, they feel he mismanaged a potential championship team in 1970.

Leo is aware of the players' loss of confidence in him—just as he's aware that vice president and general manager John Holland has heard the rumblings. Holland held private meetings with Cub regulars following the 1970 season and asked them to air their gripes. He got an earful —yet, after meeting with Cubs' owner Phillip K. Wrigley — it was decided that Durocher should be given one more chance to bring in a pennant.

This was Wrigley's decision, and it was understandable. His Cubs finished in the second division for 19 consecutive years before Durocher came to Chicago (1966), and he appreciates the job Leo did in building the team into a contender. Wrigley is also a businessman and he knows the Cubs never enjoyed two consecutive home attendance seasons of 1.6 million (1969, 1970) until Durocher arrived. For these reasons, he has given his Cubs to Durocher for the early part of the 1971 season. Holland remains in the middle, apparently with authority to fire Durocher if immediate results aren't forthcoming.

The players find themselves in



Relief pitcher Phil Regan points out that there have been 21 other Cub relievers since he joined the team in 1968, a turnover too rapid for Durocher to get to know his pitchers well.

Cub GM John Holland got an earful of complaints about Leo in meeting with players.

Cub owner Phil Wrigley decided to give Leo one more chance to make the Cubs winners.

the strangest roles of all. They want a new manager—but more than anything, they want a winner.

There are nine Cubs who have played under Durocher since his arrival—Ron Santo, Ernie Banks, Don Kessinger, Randy Hundley, Billy Williams, Ferguson Jenkins, Ken Holtzman, Bill Hands and Glenn Beckert.

Durocher, who advocates rapid change in personnel, has shuttled 140 other players through the Cub clubhouse during his five seasons. He's used 63 pitchers and, as veteran righthander Phil Regan says about the Cub bullpen, "There have been 21 other relief pitchers out there since I came in 1968." With that much turnover, most players don't have time to get to know Durocher. They either contribute quickly, or he sends them away.

The nine veterans, however, know Durocher quite well. He has tried to bench Banks at least a half-dozen times since coming to Chicago. Each spring, Leo has tried a new phenom at first base.

Durocher has also had various rows with two of his more talented starting pitchers, Holtzman and Jenkins. He has accused Jenkins of quitting in front of the team—and he once had Holtzman so emotionally - distraught the left-hander was clearing out his locker.

Santo, once the biggest booster of Durocher's, has become the latest Cub to turn away from the manager after they had two major clashes during the 1970 season. The first came in late June, when Durocher was still starring on his own daily 90-minute radio sports talk show following each game.

He used the show, which he did "live" by telephone from his apartment, to announce that Santo would be benched in the next day's doubleheader against the New York Mets. It was the first time the slumping Santo had been benched in nine years. Not so coincidentally, the veteran third baseman had been receiving severe criticism from fans who had been calling Durocher on the radio show.

Santo and the Cubs, aware that Leo was listening to the fans and sometimes heeding their advice, also began tuning in the show, often learning what plans were ahead for the team. In the case of the benching, for example, Durocher did not tell Santo personally he would be out of the lineup. The Cubs' third baseman heard it on the radio. Four days later, the Cubs' management forced Leo to quit the show and give up his $40,000 contract.

The second clash came in Montreal late in the season and again the electronic news media played a role. This time it was television.

Durocher, it was announced, was ill

Veteran outfielder Johnny Callison, above scoring the hard way, soured on Durocher when Leo criticized him for various fielding lapses.

with the flu and confined to his bed at the downtown Queen Elizabeth hotel. This came as no surprise to some of the Cubs, inasmuch as Durocher had missed games before in Montreal.

On this night, though, Leo was able to watch his Cubs on television and listen to announcer Don Drysdale, the former Dodger pitcher.

"Look how far Santo is standing away from the plate," said Drysdale on the air. "I don't see how he can hit the outside pitch standing that far back."

The next day Durocher dropped Santo to seventh in the batting order and Santo was livid. He responded by going four-for-four, including two home runs.

During the past winter, Santo and other Cubs formed a basketball team—something they weren't allowed to do one year ago—and the basketball get-togethers served as impromptu team meetings. From these meetings came a closeness and an informal resolve to win in 1971 despite Durocher.

"We estimate Leo lost at least eight to 10 games for us in 1970," said one Cub regular. "But most of us know him well enough now. If he'll just leave us alone we can win."

What are the major criticisms of Leo?

Mostly, the players don't believe he knows his own team. They resent certain tactical mistakes. But more than anything they feel he doesn't evaluate the younger players' talents or show enough patience with youngsters.

For example:

At the beginning of last season, 23-year-old George (Joe) Decker was the fourth Cub starter. But Decker quickly became psyched by Durocher's presence, and one night in St. Louis stalked off the mound when Leo came to remove him. It resulted in a $100 fine against Decker by Durocher, and the hard-throwing young righthander finished the season with a 2-7 record and 4.72 earned-run average.

Another promising youngster who suffered under Leo's leadership was Jim Colburn (3-1, 3.58). Colburn gave one extraordinary relief performance in Cincinnati for the Cubs, yet, after an ensuing bad outing, he was forgotten.

"Leo doesn't know who he's got in the bullpen or when to use them," said one bullpen regular. "He's got this system for calling on relief pitchers. We always know who's coming next. If you pitched well the last time out, you're the first guy he calls. It doesn't at all matter whether you pitch well against a certain team or a certain batter, and it doesn't matter if you're tired. But if you mess up, then you go to the bottom of the list and the next guy moves up. Then you don't pitch again until everybody above you has messed up. Then you get your chance

The Cubs last won a pennant in 1945. Durocher has gotten them close to another, but, as these fans indicate, close is no longer enough.

again. But if you get knocked out, it's back to the bottom of the list."

John Callison was another Cub regular who found his way into Durocher's doghouse last season.

Callison, rated a strong defensive outfielder, had trouble adjusting to Wrigley Field's shadows, as had Lou Brock and many rightfielders before him. But Durocher was unsympathetic. One night in September, when the Cubs faced a crucial doubleheader against the St. Louis Cardinals, Callison overthrew the cutoff man and the Cubs lost the opener, 2-1. There were four other Cub errors in the game but Durocher ignored them and roasted Callison's miscue between games.

"How long do you have to play in the major leagues before you can hit the cutoff man? It's a disgrace," said Durocher.

What about the other four errors?

"Errors are part of the game. Anybody can make an error," said Leo, forgiving every error except Callison's.

Three hours later, the Cubs had lost another 2-1 game to St. Louis and fell 2½ games behind Pittsburgh with eight games to play. Callison, who had been benched the second game, walked across the clubhouse, peered toward Durocher's office and said to another player:

"Who's he blaming for this one?"

It was on this sour note that the Cubs fell from pennant contention last September. That's why there were rumors among the players that a spokesman would go see owner Wrigley after the season. But the players didn't go that far.

They went, instead, to Scottsdale, Arizona, this spring wondering what was ahead in the day-to-day adventure with Durocher, hoping for an improvement but not really expecting it. "We can win anyhow," confided one Cub regular. "But Leo sure doesn't do much for the confidence of players. Look at Don Kessinger. He's the All-Star shortstop. But Leo has never liked him and I still think he'd bench him if Don went into a slump and Leo thought he could get away with it."

It appears now, however, that Durocher will be getting away with less. For one thing, he knows that at age 65, which makes him the oldest manager in the major leagues, he won't be landing any other baseball jobs if the Cubs drop him. He also knows he needs the money he's getting in Chicago. That's why when he made an appearance before the Chicago press in January, Leo sounded a little—just a little—like a changed man. "We're going to go with the young, strong arms and give them a chance," he said, sounding like a man who had been ordered to show more patience with young pitchers.

Working with Leo this year will be a new pitching coach, Verlon (Rube) Walker, brother of the New York Mets' pitching coach, Al (Rube) Walker. Joe Becker, who had little respect for Durocher and differed with him repeatedly on pitching decisions, decided to

continued on page 78

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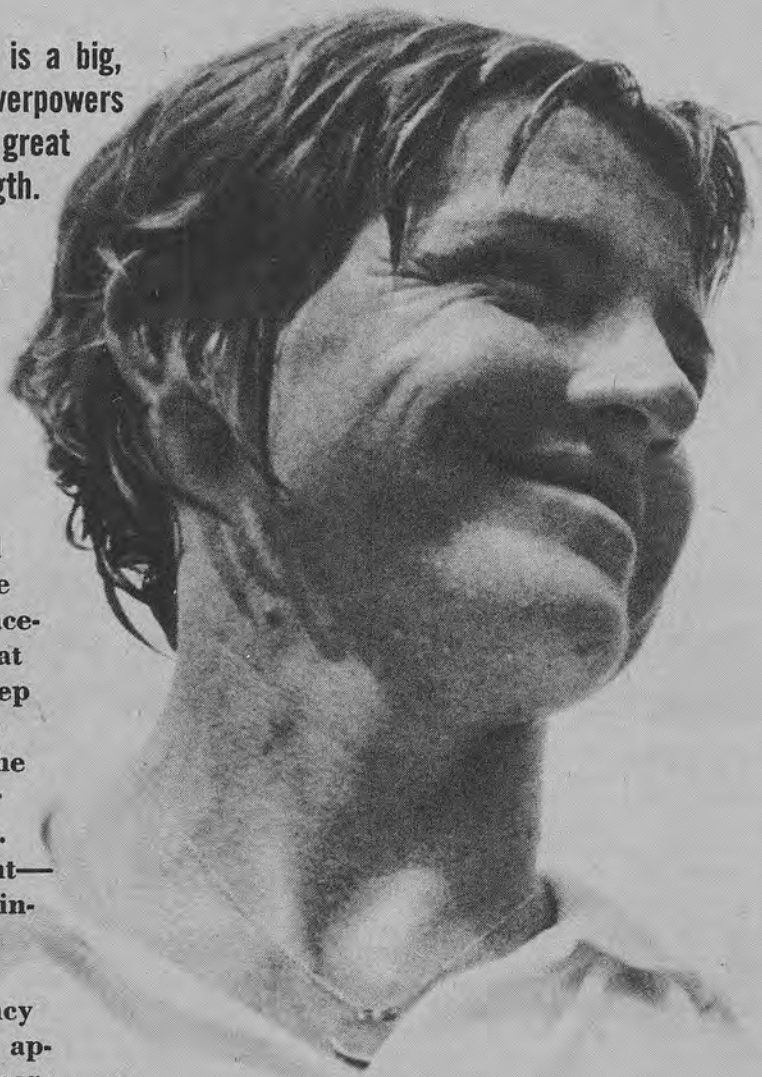
MARGARET COURT:
"DON'T CALL ME AN AMAZON!"

Australia's tennis queen is a big, strapping woman who overpowers her opponents with her great physical gifts and strength. Very little upsets her—except some cruel jokes about her femininity

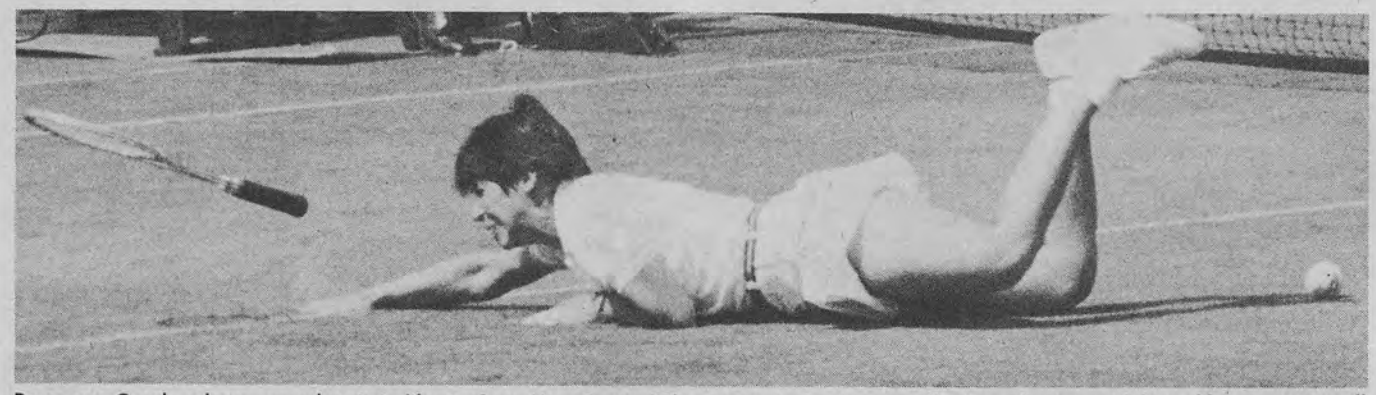
By Will Grimsley



At one end Margaret Court, tall, tanned and athletic, covered the tennis court in long, graceful strides. It seemed that she took only a single step to get to the net and was able to cover either of the sidelines—backhand or forehand—with a pivot. She was a veritable giant—all arms and legs—dominating her area as a mini-skirted Colossus.

At the other end, Nancy Richey, America's best, appeared dwarfed by comparison. Five feet, three inches and 115 pounds, she scurried and scampered in pursuit of shots, striving frantically and futilely to stem the barrage pouring relentlessly off Margaret's gold-colored aluminum racket.

"What a mismatch!" growled the spectator in E-9, row 5 at the Forest Hills West Side Tennis Club. "That Aussie ought to be playing in the men's division."



Rosemary Casals, above, on what it is like to face Mrs. Court: "She seems to be just a collection of arms and legs, like an octopus."

Fellow Australian John Newcombe attributes Mrs. Court's success to a killer instinct.

Billie Jean King is another big admirer of Mrs. Court. "She simply overpowers most opponents," admits perky Billie Jean." You have to get on top of her and never let her get away."

Nancy Richey cites Margaret's durability. "She is a physical marvel," claims Nancy.

Britian's Ann Jones is still another member of Mrs. Court's admiring peer group.

Mrs. Court has enough hardware from her victories to open a store. In 1970 she became only the second woman to ever win the Grand Slam.

"Yeah," said a companion. "She's a monster. I read somewhere that she lifts weights to keep in shape."

"How would you like to be married to that dame?" said the original commentator. "I'll bet she could beat her old man best three out of five falls before breakfast."

"Why don't you guys shut up," spoke up a feminine member of the party. "I think she's very nice. She's not that big at all. She's very attractive."

Sitting within earshot, hearing every word of the conversation and inwardly steaming, was a towering wool broker and yachtsman from Perth, Australia. But he kept his silence. He got up and left.

"That is something Maggie is fighting all the time," said Barry Court, husband of the world's greatest woman tennis player. "If there's anything she resents, it's being thought of as an Amazon."

Margaret Court is no Amazon.

At 5-8¾ and 157 pounds, her dimensions would qualify her for competition in the Miss Australia or Miss World beauty contests. Judges in those extravaganzas for years have been leaning toward long-stemmed specimens. Not that Margaret poses a real threat to the world's beauty crowns, although no one could call her unattractive. She has a pleasant, typically English face with a shock of blonde hair and light blue eyes. Although athletic, she is graceful and feminine—on or off the court. Socially, she is inclined to be shy, but she relates well to her contemporaries, who hold her in the highest regard.

"When you see Margaret on the other side of the net you have the impression you are up against a steamroller," says Julie Heldman, ranked No. 2 last year among U.S. women players. "After the first three games you are sure of it. Some champions are haughty and lord their ability over their lowly subjects. Not Maggie. She is not overly chatty but she never fails to make a friendly gesture. She is also intensely feminine. When she was playing the international circuit as a single girl, there was always a boy friend in the background."

"Margaret is a very nice person, very feminine," adds Carole Graebner, another American star. "She doesn't come across that way to people who only see her on the tennis court. But those who know her find her an extremely attractive girl.

"She likes family-type things. She is a good cook. She likes to sew and she is a wonderful decorator. I found her most unselfish. She is always ready to help lesser players."

It was fear of losing her femininity that provoked the tall Australian country girl to sack her rackets and give up competitive tennis 4½ years ago. At the time, she already had won seven consecutive Australian titles, two French, two Forest Hills and two Wimbledon championships.

"I just got tired of traveling, of packing and unpacking suitcases all the time. I got tired of chasing tennis balls," she explained at the time. Friends said actually Maggie was afraid she would become a tennis bum wed to the tour, and erase her hopes of becoming a normal housewife. She wanted to be a woman, not a machine and collector of silverware.

She retired to Perth, the beautiful capital of Western Australia, and there with a friend opened a boutique called The Peephole. It was there she met Court, a 6-5 wool broker and prominent sailor. They were married in October, 1967. Margaret returned to the courts in November.

"It was all Barry's idea," she related. "He said he was bored and would like to see some of the rest of the world. So off we went."

This time the tour was different. It became a sort of unending honeymoon for the happy couple. Margaret continued to collect championships while Barry stood in the wings, beaming with pride.

"Margaret became a different person after her marriage," says Carole Graebner. "She seemed to lose a lot of her old tension. She relaxed. She became more outgoing. And her tennis—probably because it was a sideline with her and not

Mrs. Court receives congratulations and a trophy from Princess Margaret for her 1970 Wimbledon championship, the third one she's won.

Brazil's Maria Bueno, above, used to be the best—until Margaret. Julie Heldman claims, "The only reason Margaret ever loses a match is because of nerves."

Althea Gibson was the only previous woman champion to even approach Margaret in the power of her game.

the focal point of her life—became even more devastating."

Many observers acclaim Mrs. Court the greatest woman tennis player who ever lived, overshadowing such immortals as Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills Moody, Alice Marble and Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly.

Climaxing the 1970 season by sweeping the Australian, French, U.S. and Wimbledon titles, thus completing a woman's Grand Slam achieved only once before by the late Maureen Connolly, Margaret boosted her fabulous record to 20 championships in the Big Four events. She has won nine Australian titles, seven in a row; three French, three Wimbledon and five American crowns, counting the 1968 U.S. Amateur. In addition, she has won the Italian title three times, the German three times, South African twice and the Canadian once.

Margaret Court is a phenomenal athlete who could have been a champion in any sport she chose, insists a prominent British doctor who subjected the Australian star to a series of tests in London .

"Mrs. Court is greatly above average," Dr. Reginal Whitney reported. "She is a big girl with a good pair of legs, relatively long arms and wider hands than average. But she's no Amazonian."

In releasing the findings of his tests, Dr. Whitney indicated that Margaret could have been another Babe Didrikson Zaharias, who excelled in all sports, or another Fannys Blankers-Koen, who won four gold medals in the 1948 Olympics. "She could have excelled as a runner, jumper, swimmer or gymnast," he said.

Here are some of the results of Dr.

Maureen Connolly was the only woman ever to win the Grand Slam before Mrs. Court.

Aussie Frank Sedgeman took Margaret into his home when she was an awkward teenager.

Whitney's tests on the grip dynameter and other machines:

BODY SIZE	Height	Weight
Ten women athletes	5-6¼	146 lbs.
Mrs. Court	5-8¾	157 lbs.

"These characteristics undoubtedly have a pronounced effect on her opponents," the report said. "They feel dwarfed by her size and strength. She has the advantage of serving from a greater height

continued on page 78

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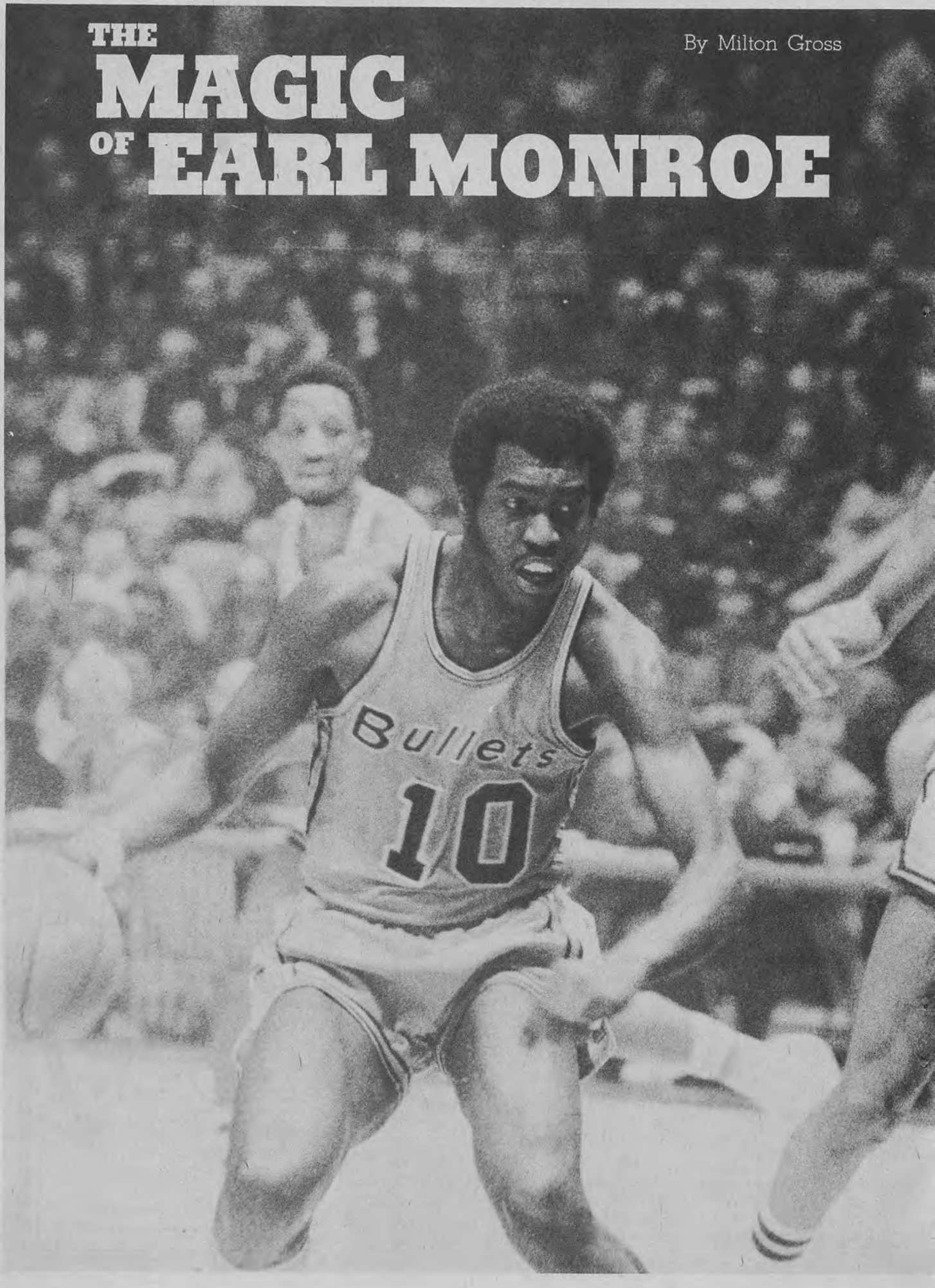
THE MAGIC OF EARL MONROE

By Milton Gross

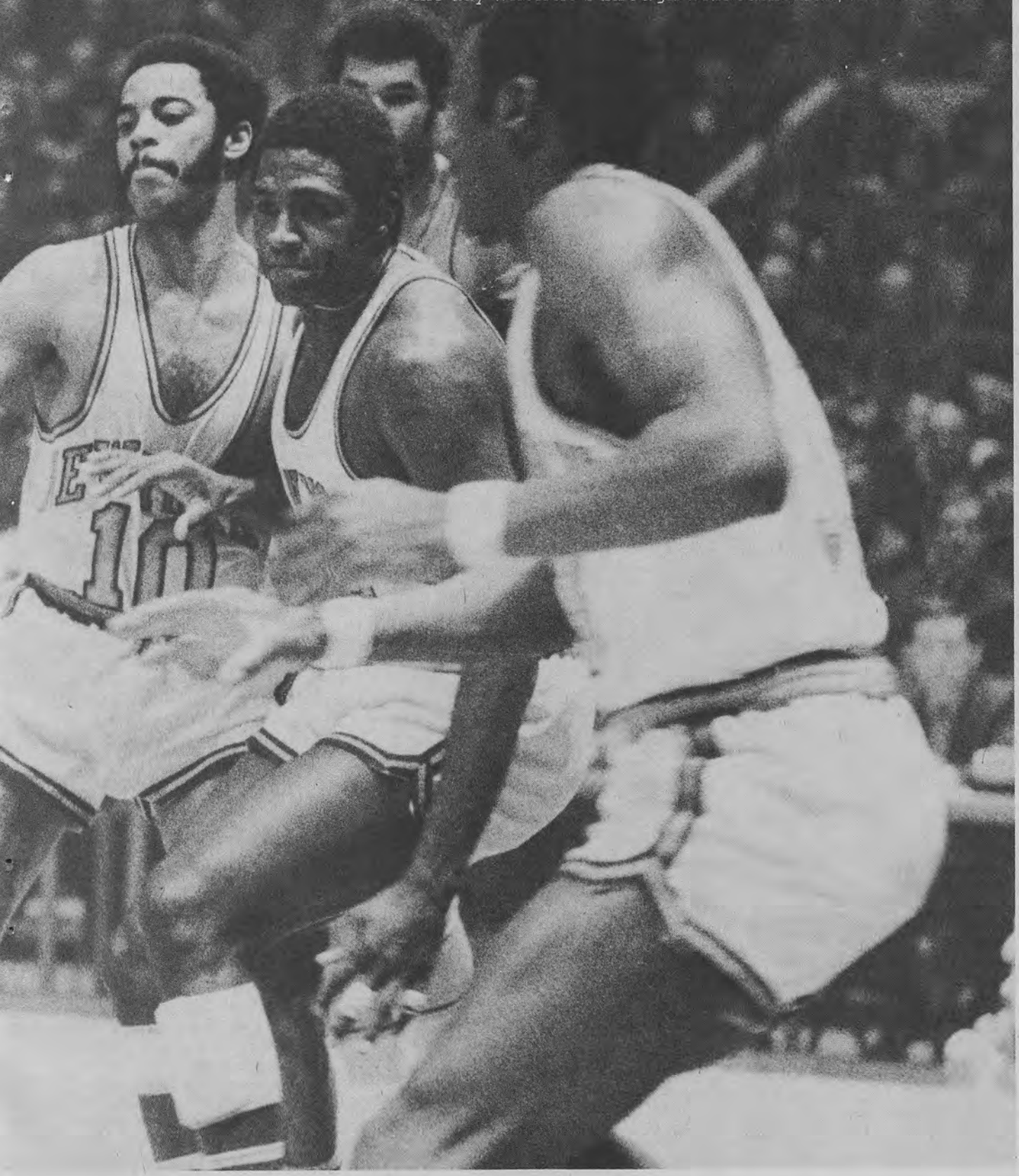


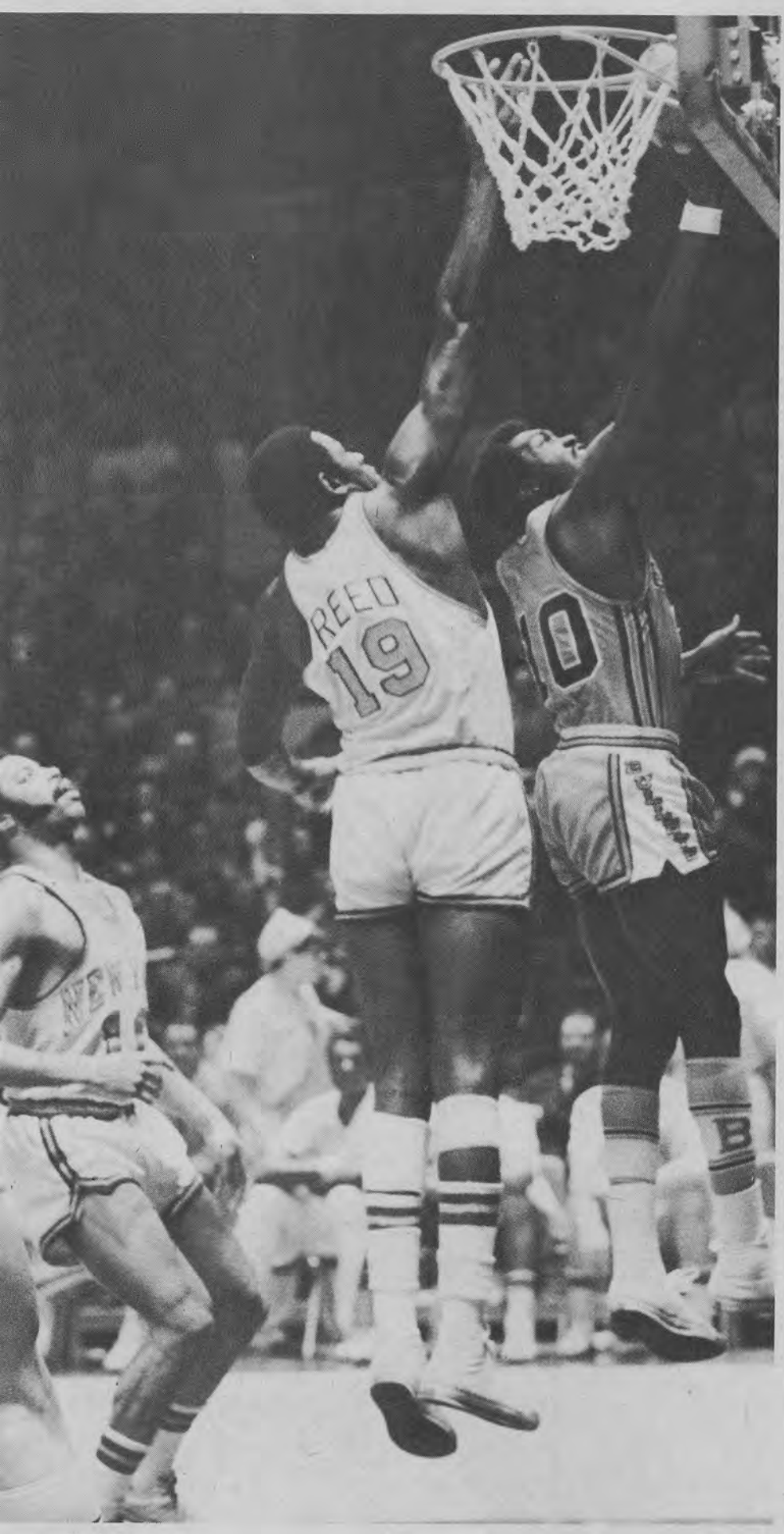
Now you see the ball, now you don't, and now it's in the basket. That's how it goes when the tricky Earl of Baltimore's in action. "Earl," a foe says, "could beat God one - on - one"

Earl Monroe cannot swim so the next best thing would be to walk on water.

"I can't do that either," he says. "They tell me somebody else did that first. I'll tell you what I am trying to do. I've been trying to make a basketball disappear, but I haven't been able to perfect that trick."

Monroe paused theatrically. He waited for his laugh. Some day when he's through with basketball, the Baltimore





The little men of the NBA are supposed to stay outside, away from the brawny giants underneath the basket. But here Monroe successfully challenges 6-9 New York center Willis Reed.

Bullets' star guard hopes to become a stand-up comic.

"I haven't perfected that trick," he repeated and then added, "yet."

If Monroe puts his mind and body to it, he'll learn to swim. He'll be able to walk on water and, of course, he'll find a way to make a basketball disappear. After watching him do tricks with a basketball, there seems nothing beyond Earl the Pearl's wiles.

"Earl," said his one-time teammate, Ray Scott, "could beat God one-on-one."

Walt Frazier of the Knicks hasn't been deified yet, but as a defensive genuis he's out of this world. Put him on most men and let him put his mind to limiting his opponent's scoring, and Frazier is able to put a lid on almost anybody. "Playing against Frazier," says Los Angeles superstar Jerry West, "you have to have eyes behind your head because he seems to have more hands than an octopus. You don't know when one of those hands is going to flick out at you and steal the ball or shut off your shot."

Yet Clyde, as New York's superlative defensive star is known, can't come to grips with Monroe.

"I'm tired of dreaming about that cat. He's a nightmare," says Clyde. "He's like a horror movie. You play him inside his shirt and you don't see how he can get the shot off, but he does and when it doesn't go in it's always on the hoop. I keep asking myself, 'What can I do to stop him?' and there's only one answer. You need help. Maybe from the man up there."

Maybe the only way is to throw a net over his head, which is why Earl is called the Pearl, Magic, Doctor, Slick, Batman and, in the Philadelphia ghetto from which he sprung and where he still is regarded with awe, he is known as "The Savior" and "Black Jesus."

Monroe has as many nicknames as he has moves with a basketball in his hands. And he has more moves than a belly dancer. He flips a hip one way, he flips it another. He feints right and shoots left. He doesn't look at the basket. He doesn't have to, but somehow the ball always finds its way there. He defies gravity as he goes up, hangs in the air and then with a sleight of hand that drives the man guarding him mad, he floats up those jump shots. He is proof positive that the hand and the body are quicker than a defensive man's hands and eyes. "You play him," says Frazier, "you know you got to go out of your mind. He eats you up. You got your hand in his face. You got your body glued to his body, but he still gets the basket. Sometimes you got to think he's doing it with mirrors."

That's another thing Monroe has in mind. A magic act. An off-court magic act. He's been practicing it for years and has put it on between halves of games. He makes coins and cards disappear,

pigeons and fishbowls appear and puts together, in one piece, a series of scarves which start out separated. It is as puzzling as the unbelievable things he does with a basketball. The act should be called, "Monroe the Magnificent."

"I've been working on getting up a night club act," says Magic. "This basketball's become a hassle and I won't be around here too long."

If he isn't around long, it will only be because Monroe has finally found the pain in his bad knees just too much. He's been playing on knees that have required periodic aspirating of fluid which builds up in them and leaves them swollen and as full of liquid as a sponge, and sends shudders up his body each time his feet strike the floor as he runs.

Last spring, Earl finally consented to an operation on his left knee, which now bears the ugly scar of where the doctor's scalpel left its mark. His right one, however, still requires constant attention, diathermy, hydro-therapy and ultra-sound. Not to mention shots of cortisone.

For a while, trainer Skip Feldman contrived a contraption that Monroe wore inside a knee guard. It is powered by a battery and a cable and keeps the knee warm and the blood flowing so that the joints don't stiffen up, particularly during timeouts or when Monroe takes a brief spell on the bench, which is also the time the man guarding him can catch his breath and temporarily rest his fears.

The battery and cable rest on a sort of heating pad attached to the inside of the knee guard. The battery sends the charge through the cable, which transmits the warmth to the heating pad, which keeps the juices flowing in the knee. Earl is thus wired—as it were, juiced up.

"I don't wear the thing anymore," he says. "It makes me too self-conscious of my knees. I've lived with the pain so long I sort of get used to it. I've got 46-year-old knees on a 26-year-old body."

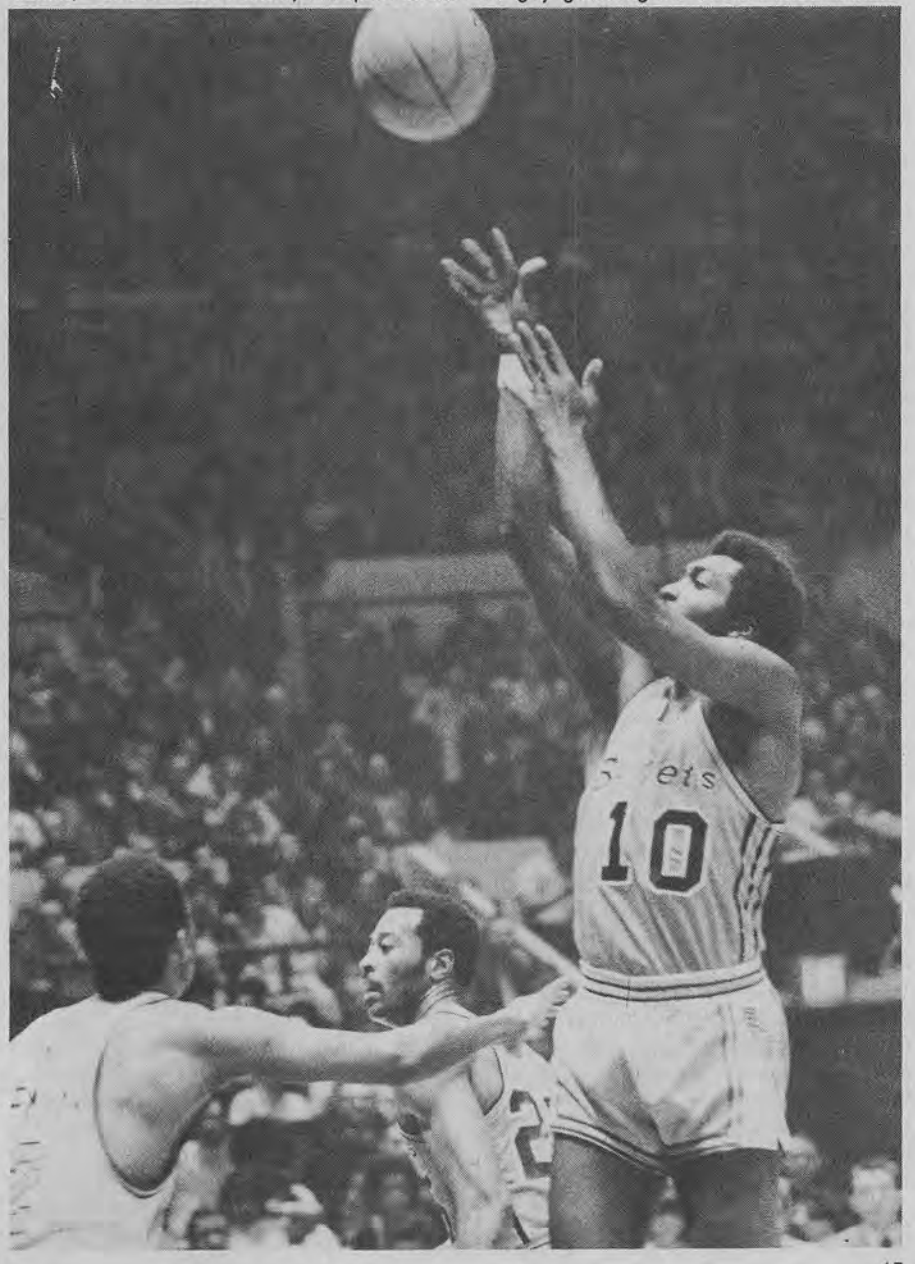
This may be part of his act, too, for one has to wonder how Monroe manages to do the things he is able to do on a basketball court when you see him hobbling around off the court in his contemporary midi overcoat looking gimpy, seemingly arthritic.

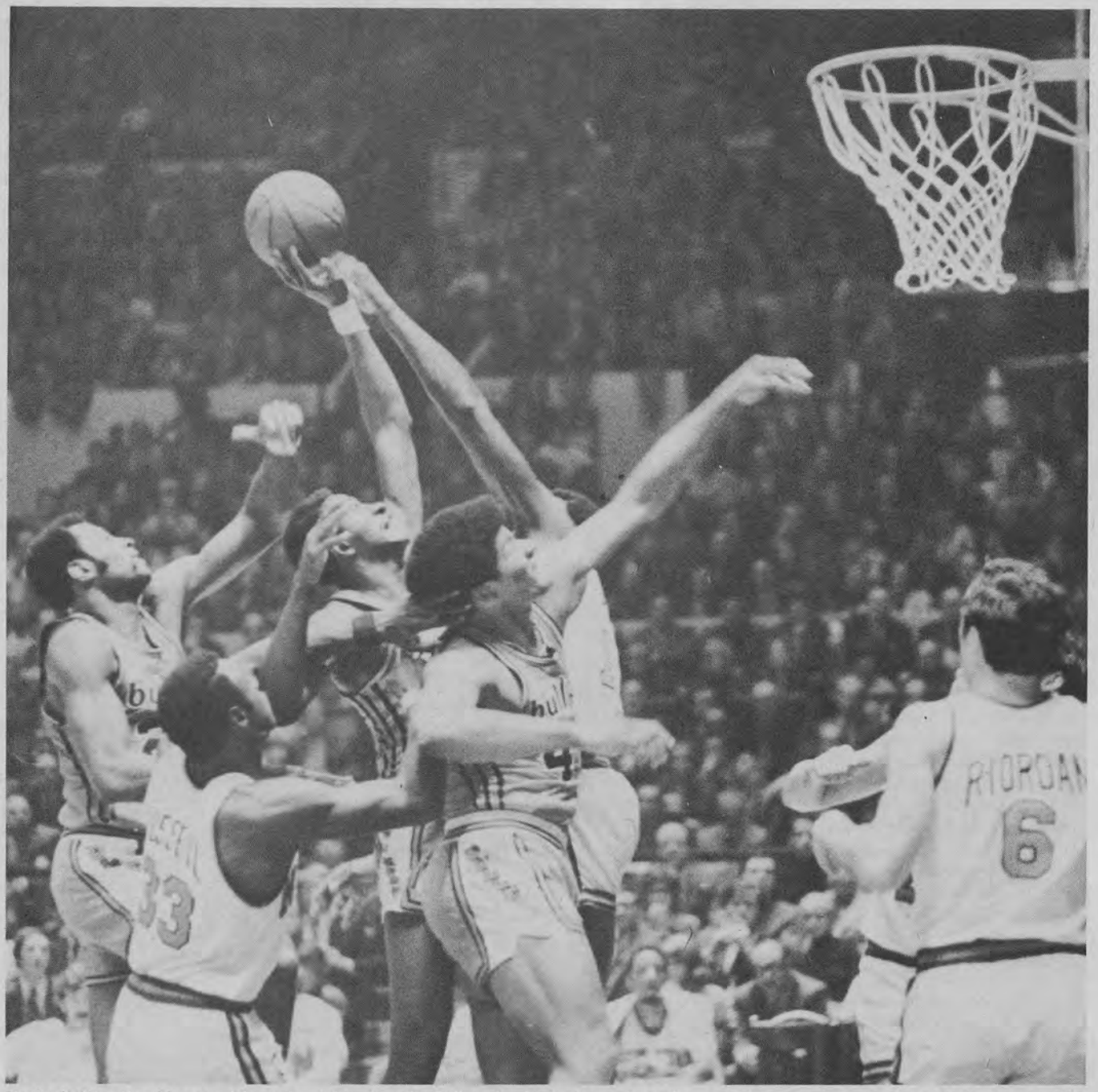
"The layman would call it arthritis," says Bill Neil, a therapist at Kernan Hospital for Crippled Children who has kept The Pearl operative. "The technical name for what ails him is chondromalacia of the patella. With his acceleration and deceleration, his knees take a terrible pounding. The long high bone presses down on the knee joint. The cap bears the brunt. The ligament and cartilages take it. We inject him with cortisone and steroids only as a last measure. It's a chronic thing and we just try to make him as comfortable as possible."

Neil was asked to offer a measure-

New York's Walt Frazier guarding the Pearl. "I keep asking myself 'What can I do to stop him?' and there's only one answer," Frazier says. "You need help. Maybe from the man up there."

Monroe shoots over Dick Barnett. "I don't know what I'm going to do with the ball," Earl admits, "and if I don't know, I'm quite certain the guy guarding me doesn't know either."





Big burly Wes Unseld, second from the right, gives the Bullets the kind of muscle underneath that complements Monroe's backcourt skills.

ment of the pain The Pearl experiences. "He's a stoical individual," said the therapist. "He doesn't tell you how much he hurts. He just has a higher threshold of discomfort. You play with pain if your livelihood demands it. When the team is on a long airplane trip and he has to sit with his knees bent, it must be tortuous."

And what is all the more wondrous about Monroe's basketball success is that he did not form any affection for the game or begin to take it up seriously until he was 14. He did not make the high school varsity team at John Bartram in Philadelphia until the second half of his junior year.

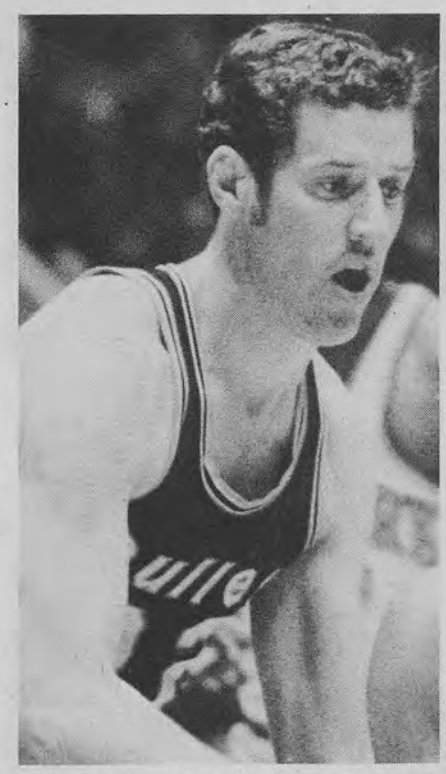
In elementary schools he played soccer, but in South Philadelphia that has as much attraction as tiddly winks. Inevitably he was turned to the playground basketball courts, where he would practice a dozen hours a day in stifling heat and shoot until his arms ached.

"I wasn't getting chosen in the pick-up games," says Earl, "and I made up my mind I was going to make it. And the only way to do it was to keep practicing." He made the high school varsity, but his grades weren't good enough and he had to put in some time at Temple Prep after graduation from Bartram. Meanwhile, he had already become a kind of living legend as the slickest of the slick in the rugged playground competition, which is what led Clarence Gaines, coach of Winston-Salem, to come after him. But Earl wasn't ready. He wanted to try the outside world. Monroe went to work in a factory as a $60-a-week shipping clerk.

"That's when I found out how much I didn't like working," says the Pearl. "The job was horrible. All day long I had to keep bending down and picking up things that weighed about 100 pounds.

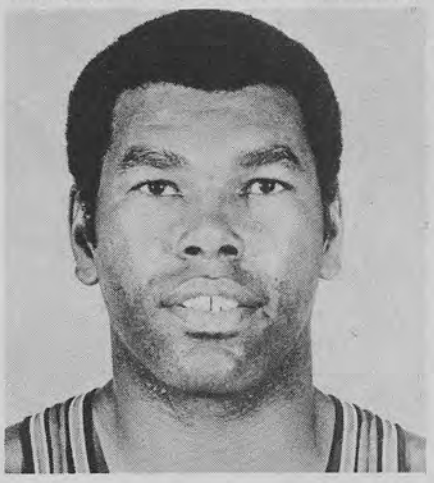
Thus, one day Earl went to work, went out to lunch and never came back. By late afternoon that same day, Monroe and a friend, Steve Smith, were on their way to Winston-Salem. Not too soon after that he was almost on his way back to Philadelphia, disgusted that Gaines was not starting him on the varsity although he was only a freshman.

The one thing Monroe's mother had



Earl's companion in the Bullets' backcourt is gritty Kevin Loughery, a fine shooter.

Ex-Bullet Ray Scott, now in the NBA, was virtually awed by Monroe's ballhandling.



Gus Johnson, Baltimore's perennial all-star at forward, used to be the hub of the Bullets' attack. Monroe's arrival in Baltimore helped take a lot of the offensive pressure off Gus.

drummed into him was that he couldn't go the dropout route. In the Philadelphia ghetto, dropout spelled trouble. A first cousin, who lived down the block, went that way. Earl had always been close to his mother. When he decided he was going to quit college, he wired her for money to come home. Unlike many of the kids with whom he grew up, Monroe's family never wanted for money. His mother owned a grocery store and, after separating from his father, she remarried a man who is employed by the Philadelphia Police Department.

In ordinary circumstances, Earl's mother would have sent him the money, but, wisely, she called Steve Smith to ask what her son wanted to do with it. Smith disclosed Monroe planned to quit college. The mother wired back: No college, no money.

In mid-season of Monroe's first year, Gaines changed his mind about starting a freshman. He never regretted it. By the time he was a senior, Monroe led Winston-Salem to the small college championship and averaged 41 points per game.

In one game, while the NBA was bird-dogging the magnificent crop of guards available for the draft, Monroe sprained a wrist early in the first half. There were scouts in the stands. Earl wasn't going to let anybody know about the injury. Despite virtually having to play one-handed, he scored 53 points, got 10 rebounds and was credited with nine assists.

The word, though, was that he was a gunner who played defense like a sieve. When the draft came around, the Bullets and Pistons, both last-place teams, flipped a coin for first draft choice. Detroit won. The Pistons chose Jimmy Walker of Providence. The Bullets reluctantly took Monroe.

"I never could understand it," Monroe said. "I couldn't see anybody better than me in my rookie year."

Maybe Monroe was preparing a mind-reading act to go with his magic act even then. He was the league's Rookie of the Year. He scored 1,991 points for a 24.3 average, which meant he was the league's leading scorer, except for Dave Bing, Wilt Chamberlain and Elgin Bay-

continued on page 80

A SPORTS TODAY PHOTO FEATURE

THE MANY FACES OF PROFESSIONAL GOLF

The contact sports—pro football, hockey and, to a slightly lesser degree, basketball—all obviously demand courage from their athletes. In baseball, the demand is slightly more subtle, though anyone who has ever stood at the plate when a baseball's approaching his head at 90 miles per hour knows that guts are an essential requirement.

Then there's pro golf.

Don't laugh. Competing on the PGA tour takes great courage, a far less physical brand of courage but one that is the equal of any in its ability to test an athlete's manhood. The golfer doesn't pit himself against another person; he battles par—and himself. In many ways, another human being is an easier foe. On this page and on those that follow, the agony, ecstacy and a few feelings in-between of some of the world's greatest golfers are captured dramatically by the camera.

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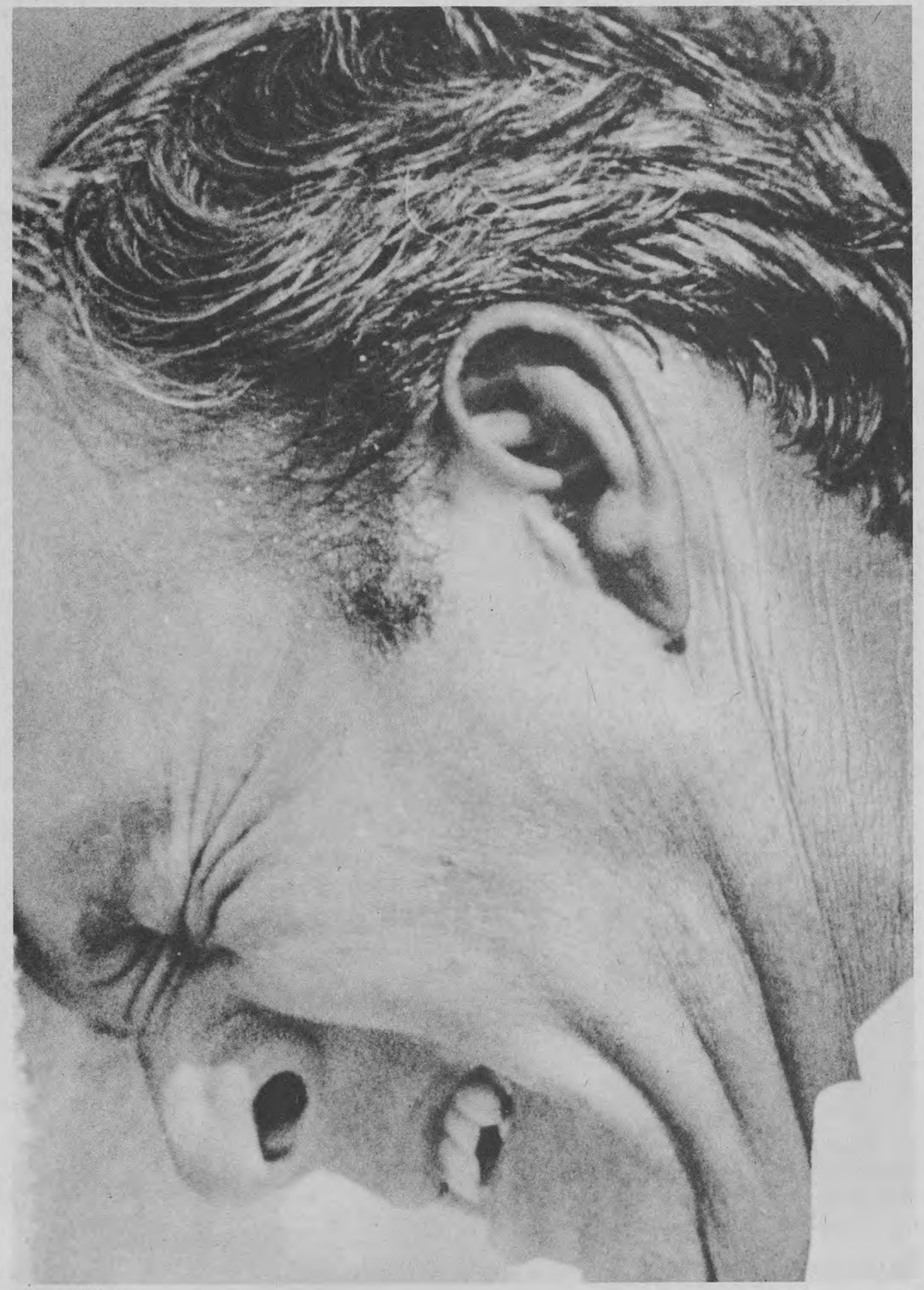
Lee Trevino

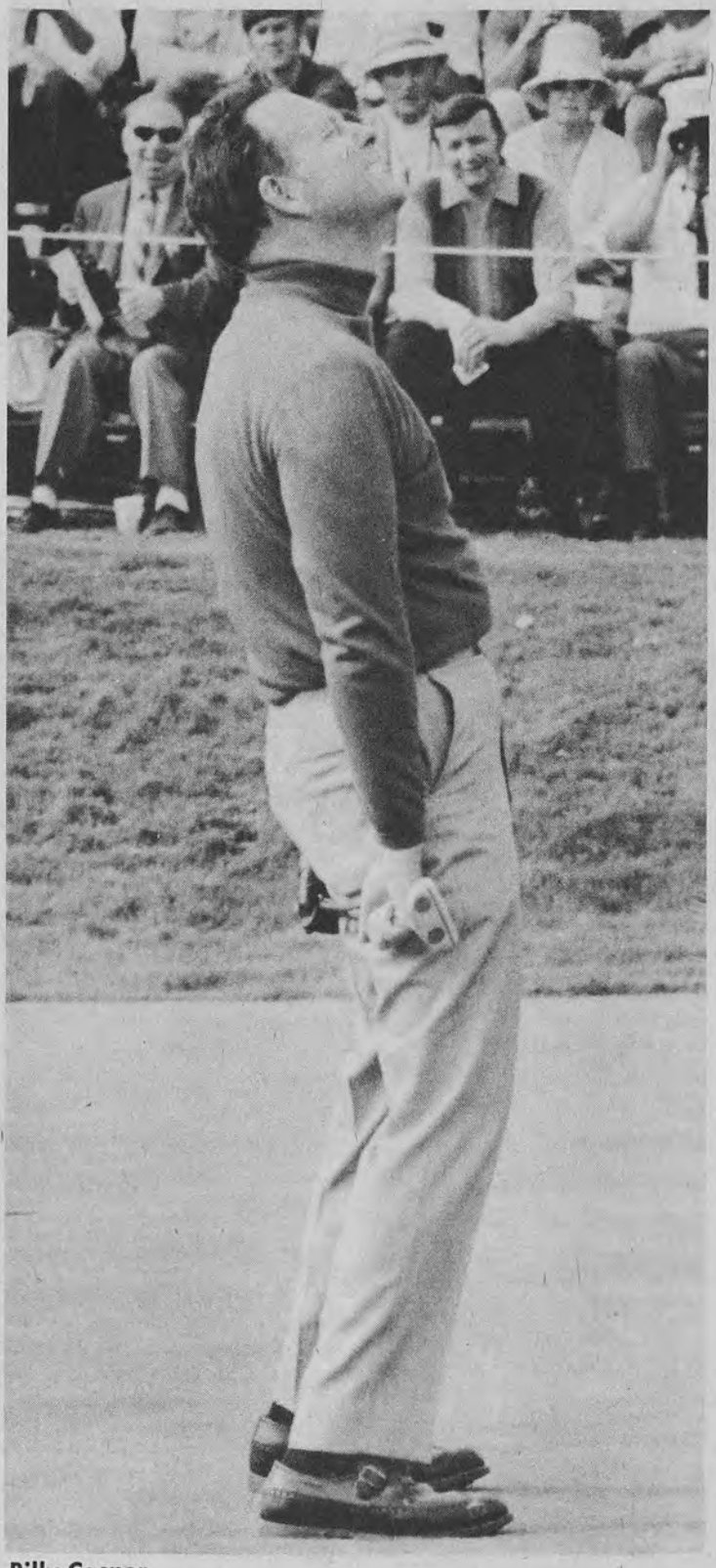
Gibby Gilbert

Ray Floyd

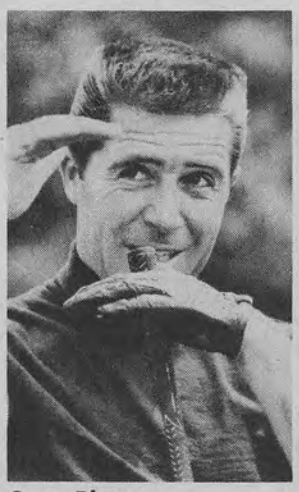
Jack Nicklaus



Arnold Palmer



Billy Casper

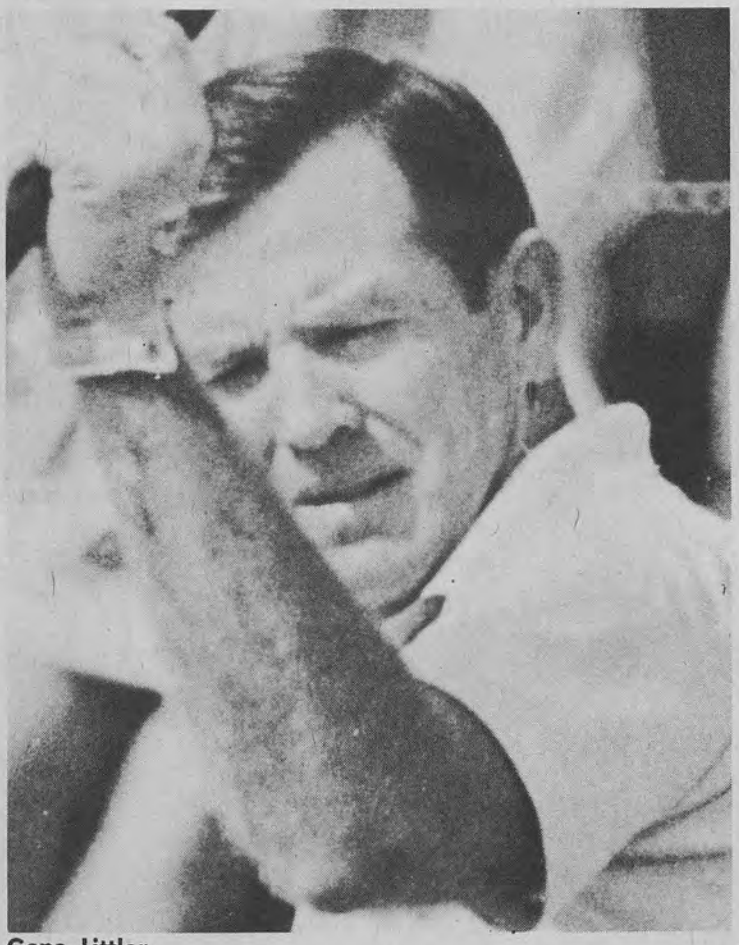


Gary Player

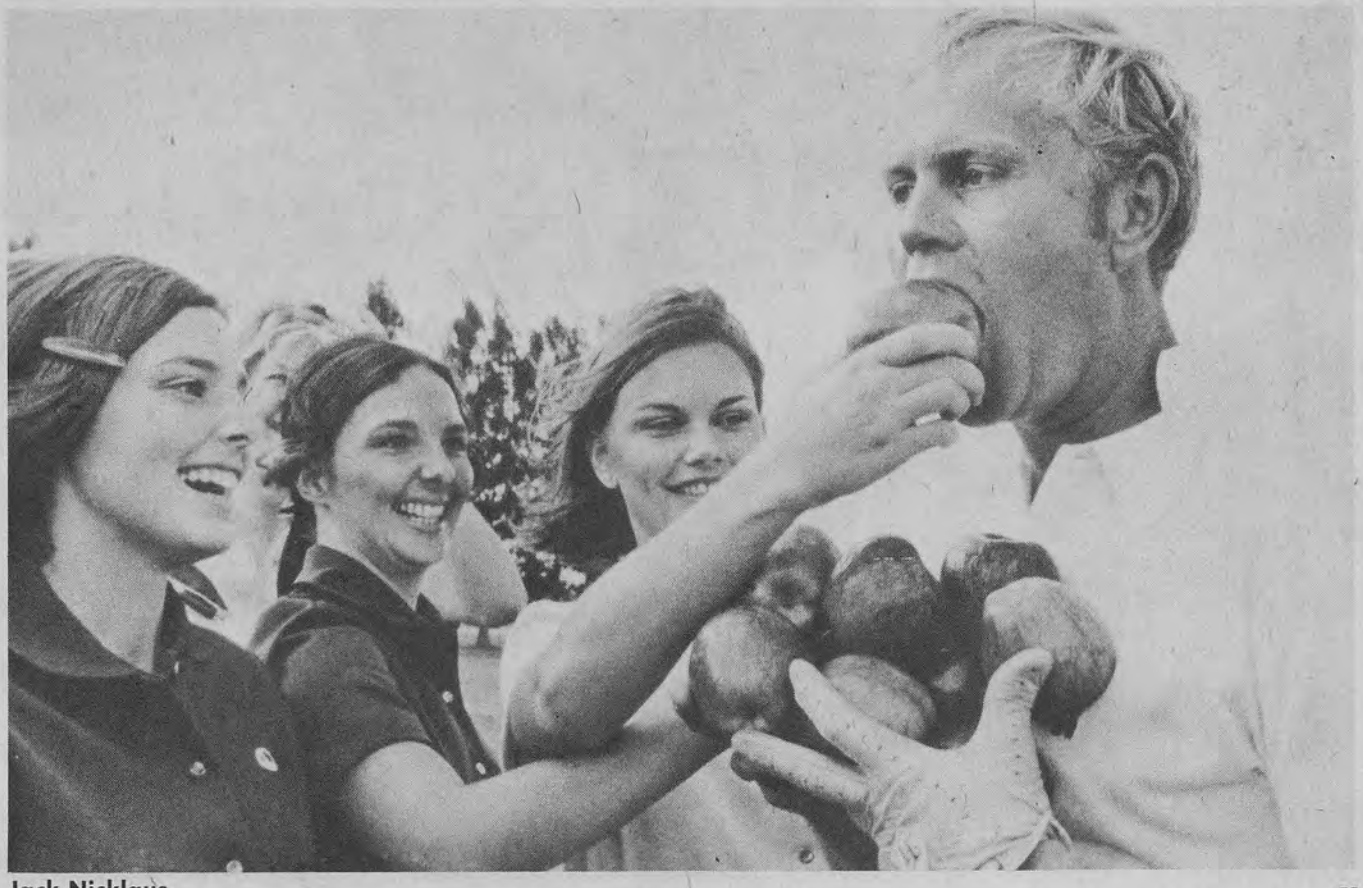
Frank Beard

Tommy Bolt

Dick Lotz

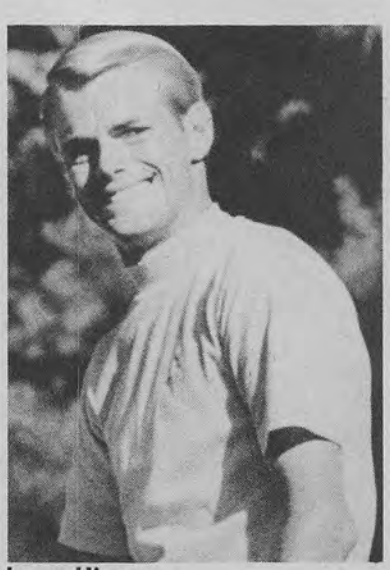


Gene Littler



Jack Nicklaus

Tom Shaw



Larry Hinson

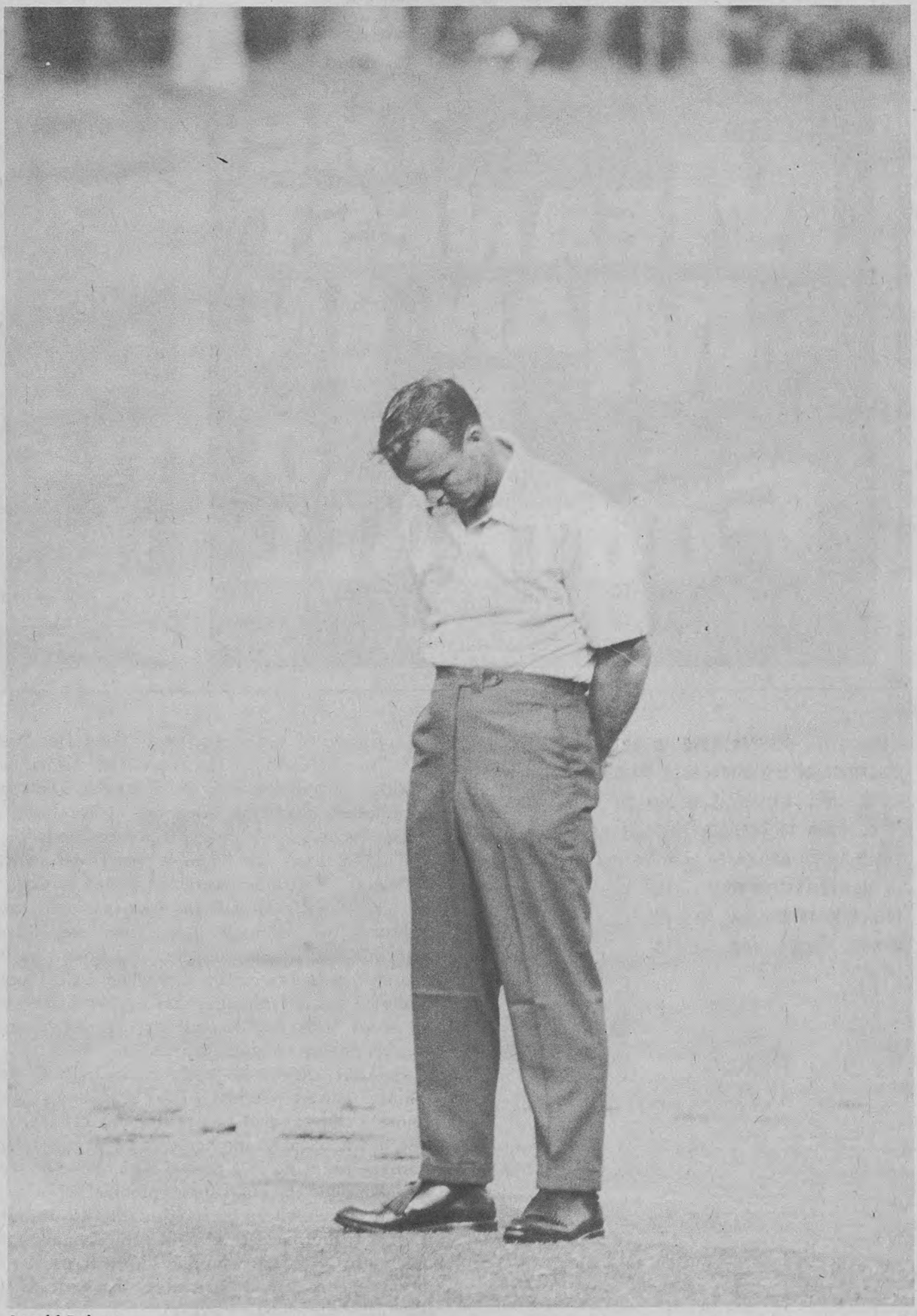
Tony Jacklin

Sam Snead

Mike Hill

Doug Sanders

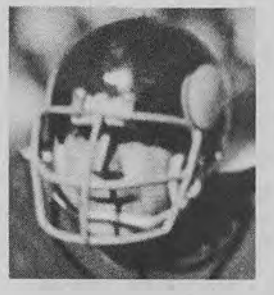
Dick Stockton



Arnold Palmer

THE MEANEST MAN IN PRO FOOTBALL

"Defensive players have to be wild," says Dale Hackbart of the Minnesota Vikings, a man whose entire NFL career is based on his viciousness. "You have to prepare yourself so that you are ready to go out there and destroy your opponent or he will destroy you . . . The intent is to punish. And it's almost always premeditated"



By Mike Rathet

A couple of years ago, little Todd Hackbart saw his dad Dale Hackbart of the Minnesota Vikings play football for the first time. Todd sat enraptured, absorbing far more of his father's savage tactics than his parents first realized.

They realized just about a week later, when Dale and his wife Bev were summoned to Todd's nursery school to discuss the four-year-old's new approach to playing with his classmates. "The little one was having problems," Hackbart recalls, "because he had seen all that mayhem on the football field and now thought that was what life was all about. So he had become very aggressive, and was beating up on his classmates."

Hackbart quickly took the child in hand, explained that "it was just a job I was doing" and young Todd stopped pummeling his classmates. But it was clearly another case of a father-son dialogue resulting in a do-as-I-say-not-as-I-do lecture. For Dale Hackbart still is pummeling people —to the point where he stands virtually unchallenged as the meanest man in professional football, a savage tackler who punishes with premeditation and frankly acknowledges that it leads to some after-the-whistle mayhem.

Hackbart's 10-year career has produced several incidents of more than passing interest—a fist fight with 280-pound offensive tackle Jim Parker of Baltimore, a celebrated battle with Green Bay offensive tackle Forrest Gregg, a blood-curdling clotheslining of Kansas City running back Robert Holmes that even shocked Hackbart. The incidents and others like them have, in turn, produced two nicknames. The first is "Policeman," and it has affectionately been applied by Minnesota teammates who appreciate Hackbart's dedication to duty. The second is "Headhunter," the derogatory term applied by those who have been cut down by Hackbart. And then there is that whispering campaign in which Hackbart is accused of being that most reprehensible of pro football assassins—a "Cheap-Shot Artist."

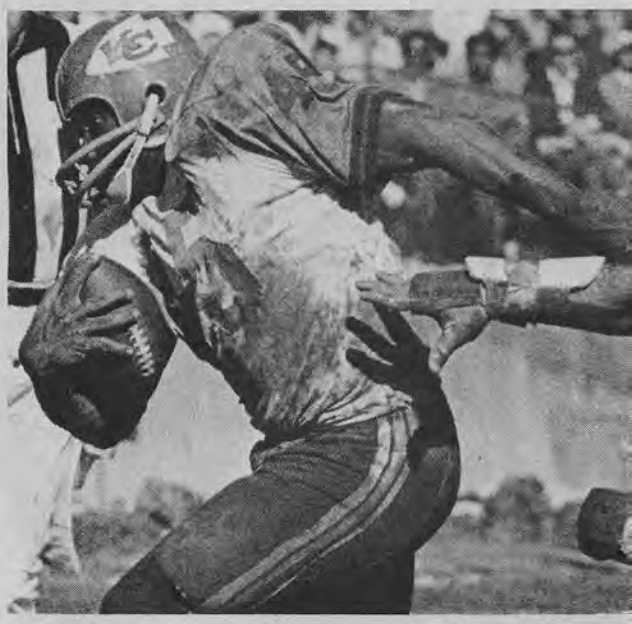
Hackbart, who plays his role in the Vikings' scheme of things as a fifth defensive back in passing situations, relishes the "Policeman" tag, understands the "Headhunter" label but bridles at the "Cheap-Shot Artist" charge.

"No one likes to get hit, but that's what this game is all about," says Hackbart. "You have to prepare yourself so that you are in a state where you're ready to go out there and destroy your opponent or he will destroy you.

"It's really the theory of the survival of the fittest, and you don't really consciously think about how hard you hit out on the field. So when I'm put in the category of a 'Headhunter' that's one thing, but 'Cheap-Shot Artist' . . .

"I read an article by Vince Lombardi once and I was very happy to hear him say that you have to instill hate in players. Now I wouldn't go so far as to say there has ever been hate in me, but I recognize that this is a violent game and that you have to work yourself into a high emotional pitch in order to play it."

The problem is that a line has to be drawn, and at best it's a thin one that leaves a guy like Hackbart open to criticism. "When a guy is down and wide open you don't take a shot at a vulnerable spot, using your elbows on his ribs or stomach," Hackbart explains. "But when I get a shot at a guy legally, when he's going down or when he's hanging up, I'm going to take it. Defensive players have to be wild. That's not to say I believe a defensive guy has to come in and stick a guy every time. I was taught along other lines—punish him.



Hackbart doesn't look especially mean below, but ask his victims. Three principals in his most notorious fights are, clockwise from the left, Forrest Gregg of Green Bay, ex-Colt Jim Parker and Robert Holmes of Kansas City. Gregg weighs 260 pounds; Parker 280—proof size doesn't scare Dale.

Former Vikings' coach Norm Van Brocklin saved Hackbart's career by unleashing Dale's aggressiveness.

The intent is to punish and it is almost always premeditated, so sometimes you hit late after the whistle is blown."

That usually results in a penalty, but it also has resulted in Hackbart's survival for 10 years. The punishment approach is a product of lessons he learned when he came out of the University of Wisconsin as a quarterback and almost blew his pro career right at the start because of a passive attitude.

Originally signed by the Green Bay Packers in 1960, Hackbart was traded the following year to Washington, where he hung on until 1964 when he was released. Then he hooked on with the Vikings under Coach Norm Van Brocklin.

And a transformation began.

"When you play quarterback you are more or less a finesser," Hackbart explains. "A quarterback can't think of being aggressive in the same sense that a defender can. So when I came into the National Football League I was a passive player, one who didn't want to hurt anyone."

But when the Redskins let him go, Hackbart had time to read about Lombardi's philosophy of hate, and when he linked up with Van Brocklin he found the lessons easy to apply. It had become a matter of pride and survival.

"I didn't want to be known as a quitter," Hackbart explains. "Personal pride sometimes pushes you to extremes. I didn't want to admit to myself I couldn't make it. I knew it might be my last chance. And I knew what kind of players Van Brocklin liked. He liked wild, tough, aggressive players. I made a vow to myself I would never be cut again because I wasn't mean or aggressive enough. Van Brocklin made me feel that this was the type player it took to play pro football."

What Lombardi and Van Brocklin instilled, current Minnesota Coach Bud Grant refined, emphasizing that penalties hurt the team and that aggressiveness had to be channeled into the proper avenues of release if they were to help the Vikings. In short, Hackbart had to keep his cool.

Hackbart was more than equal to the task and he has become a valuable commodity to Minnesota. At 6-4 and 210 pounds, he is able to cover a receiver like a defensive back but also hit like a linebacker when the Vikings employ a five-back secondary to cut off the pass. And, despite the discipline insisted on by Grant, Hackbart still occasionally winds up in the middle of a melee, just as he did when he took on Parker in a battle of flailing fists. Or the time he fought Gregg, his most celebrated incident.

The Gregg incident occurred during a 1969 game against Green Bay when a Bart Starr pass was intercepted by the Vikings, resulting in a pileup of arms and legs. Suddenly, from the pile, an aroused Gregg was spotted throwing a punch at Hackbart.

Gregg was quickly ejected, the only time in his long career that the Packer lineman has been tossed out of the game. And what actually happened still remains a mystery.

"I don't know what really happened," Gregg explained afterwards. "All I know is I felt like someone was on my back. I turned around and I saw who it was (Hackbart). I thought he was going to hit me, so I started to hit him. That's when the official dropped the flag."

Hackbart, however, has always maintained he was nothing more than an innocent bystander. "I came across after the interception and looked for a Green Bay jersey to block," he explained. "I saw two jerseys, but I pulled off and didn't hit either one."

It sounds perfectly innocent, but from what Gregg said it is obvious he at least anticipated a blow from Hackbart. Later in the game, in fact, Hackbart did draw a penalty for tackling running back Elijah Pitts out of bounds. That, of course, was more in the Hackbart manner, and underscored his philosophy of intimidation.

"Every skirmish, every fight I've ever been in, I've had hell beaten out of me," Hackbart says. "And I know that what I do results in my having to take a fair share of shots in retaliation. You don't often get an offensive player going after you, but there are always a couple looking for me.

"But that hasn't bothered me. I live with it and kind of expect it. All I know is it's my job to hit—and punish. I've seen in films a lot of receivers drop balls that should have been caught and were caught against other clubs. I think those receivers are aware we'll come up and give them a legitimate shot, which does distract them from catching the ball at times."

Hackbart, however, realizes that no

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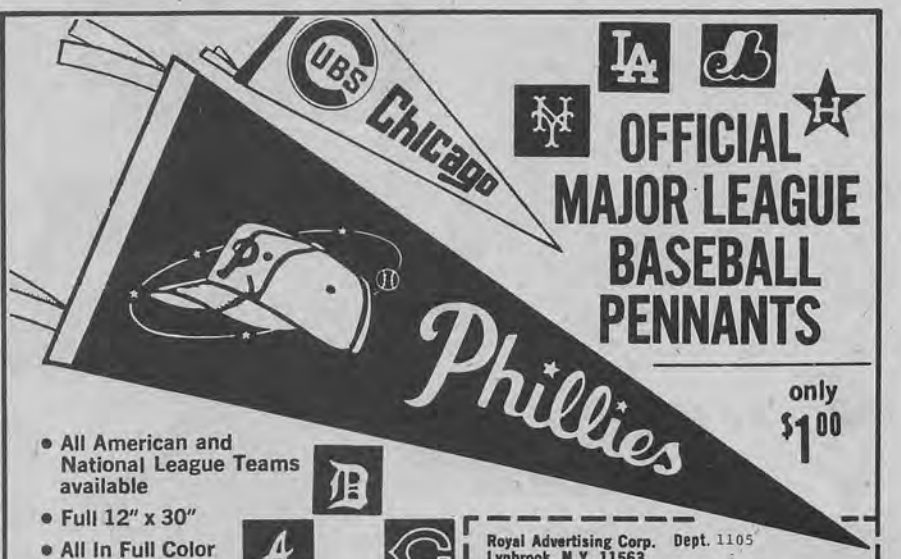

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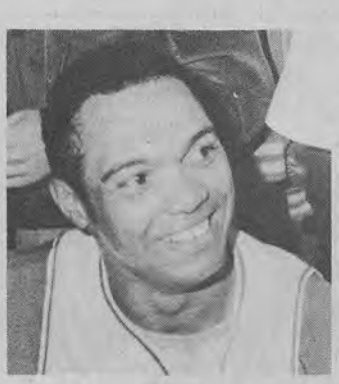


Reggie Jackson Reveals:

"FRANK ROBINSON PUT FEAR AND FRUSTRATION OUT OF MY MIND"

By Bill Libby

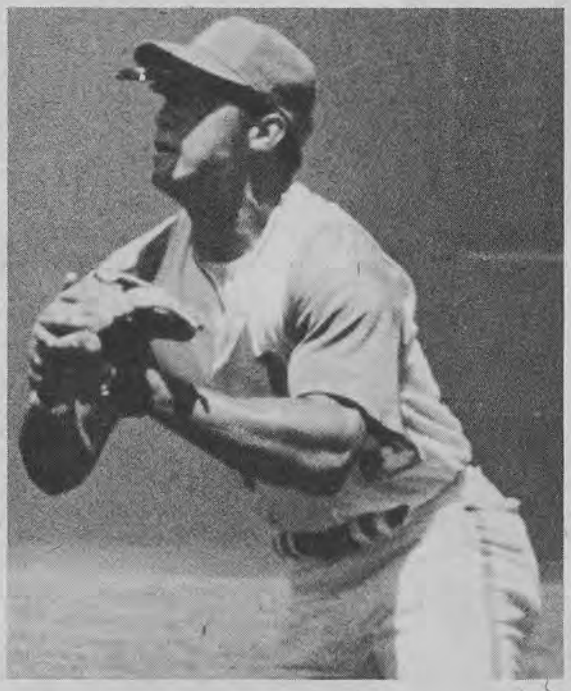
Jackson was so disappointed by his performance last season he considered quitting. But old pro Robinson changed his perspective, impressing upon him never to lose faith in himself. Full of self confidence, Reggie now says, "I think I can become a star again"

As a rookie in 1968, Reggie Jackson batted .250, slammed 29 home runs and drove home 74 runs. It was a most impressive first-year performance. As a sophomore in 1969, the powerful 23-year-old youngster hit .275, slugged 47 homers and drove in 118 runs. For a while, he made a run at major league home run records, exciting the imagination of the press and public. He was pictured on the covers of national magazines and his story was told endlessly. He was hailed as baseball's newest hero and a superstar of Ruthian proportions.

In his third season, in 1970, Jackson got off to a slow start, was benched, renewed an old feud with his team's owner, the controversial Charles O. Finley, played erratically, never got untracked and wound up with a mere .237 batting average, 23 home runs and 66 runs batted in. At first, the Oakland Athletic outfielder's problems were well publicized, but before long he was forgotten, considered just another shooting star who had flashed brightly for a short time then come back to earth.

"I grew seriously depressed. I was disappointed in myself and more disappointed in my bosses," Jackson admits. "At first I felt if

"Summers we have been foes," says the young and promising Jackson of the great Oriole veteran Frank Robinson, left, "but the past winter we were friends and I've never had a better one."



they'd just go with me I'd snap out of it. I figured I could have a bad year and still hit 30 home runs. Possibly this was true. I missed a lot of games and only pinch-hit in others. My chances were a lot fewer than they had been. And I never got into a groove. But, after a while. I was beginning to doubt myself. I grew frustrated. I got a little afraid that when I went up there I'd fail. I seriously considered retiring from baseball."

Now his whole attitude is different. As he headed into the 1971 season, his fourth as a major leaguer, Reggie seemed charged up. "My whole feelings about baseball have changed," he says. "I couldn't wait for the season to begin. I couldn't wait to get up to the plate. I have confidence I'll regain my old form. I feel sure I'll regain my regular's role. I think I can become a star again, and if so, I feel I'll be able to handle it better. I have a winning attitude now."

What made this difference? Two things, mainly. Eyeglasses, for one. Frank Robinson, for another. And of the two (both of which came into Jackson's life far from home in winter ball in Puerto Rico), Robinson appears to be the prime inspiration. As Jackson's manager on the Santurce team, Robinson appears to have bolstered Reggie's confidence, helping him slug successfully through the cold months.

"He's very inspiring," Jackson says of Robinson. "He has a great record, so I have to respect his knowledge. He's been around, so I have to respect his confidence. And he battled back from bad years so when he tells me I can do it I feel he knews what he's talking about. He's been there."

At 35, Robinson has 15 years in the majors behind him. After 10 years with Cincinnati, during which he led the Reds to a pennant and won a Most Valuable Player award, he was traded to Baltimore in 1966 and promptly led the American League in batting, home runs and runs batted in, sparked the Orioles to the pennant and won MVP in the American League.

During this long stretch, Robinson had two off-years and both times bounced back strong the next season. In 1962, he hit .342 with 39 homers and 136 RBIs. In 1963, he slipped to .259 with 21 homers and 91 RBIs. Then, the next year, he bounced back to .306 with 29 homers and 96 RBIs. Again, after a

1968 season in which he skidded to .268 with 15 homers and 52 RBIs, he soared in 1969 to .308, 32 homers and 100 RBIs.

"He told me you have to expect bad years when nothing breaks right for you, but the important thing is to hang in there, keep working, try to improve yourself and not lose faith in yourself," Jackson says of Frank. "Of course, anyone could tell you these things, but when they come from a man like Robinson, who's been there, you listen.

"One of my main goals in going to winter ball was to try to develop a good attitude and how to keep it when you're up and when you're down. I want to learn to be a winner."

Dick Williams, who is Jackson's new manager in Oakland, says, "When you're with Robinson, you're with a winner. He helped a team into a World Series for the third time last season. He is good for Reggie. He's a good hitter who can spot flaws and get his point across."

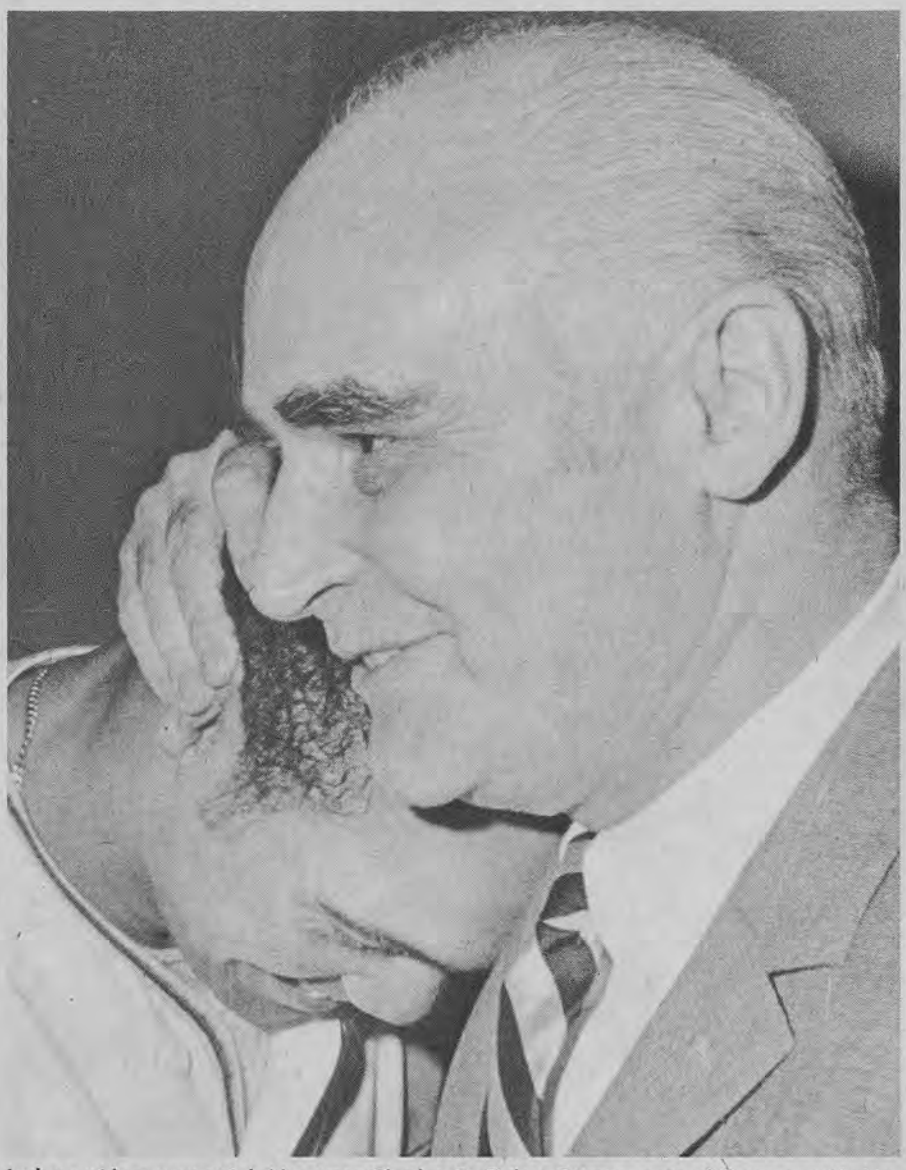
Jackson felt one of his flaws might have been his eyesight. At home in Arizona last winter, he had an eye examination and discovered he was nearsighted. At the start of the winter league season, he struck out 13 times in his first 22 at bats. After donning glasses, he hit five home runs in his first six games. Reggie confesses the difference at first seemed "amazing," but he was not sure if the difference was mainly physical or psychological, so he wished to test his showing with glasses for a while yet before deciding to wear them permanently.

While he did not want to fool with his natural form too much, he was willing to work on his style in Puerto Rico. "Every time after I had a turn at bat I'd go to Frank and ask him how I did. I was looking for his criticism and suggestions, and he helped. He helped me settle my stroke. He helped to return my confidence. At one time I had a feeling I'd never hit again. I told Frank about this and he told me he had the same feeling in 1968, but he got his confidence back. He helped me fight my frustration. He put frustration and fear out of my mind."

Robinson long has wanted to become baseball's first black manager in the majors and his showings at Santurce have impressed. Early in his career, especially when he got into some trouble

Fiery Dick Williams, who drove Boston to a pennant in '67, is the new A's manager.

Journeyman Joe Rudi got to play on those occasions Jackson was benched last season.



Jackson with controversial A's owner Charles O. Finley. Despite many differences with him over the course of last year, Jackson says Finley has been "very good to me in many ways."

with an arrest for carrying a gun, he was considered temperamental and a problem, but he has matured and earned respect over the years. While trades were talked around him after last season, he still had another splendid campaign in 1970. He hit .305 with 25 homers and 78 RBIs and helped the Orioles to a runaway pennant then a World Series victory.

He is advanced in age now, but few are aware how strong are his credentials for eventual induction into the Hall of Fame. He has hit .300 or more nine times with a high of .342 and has a lifetime average above .300. He set a National League rookie record with 38 homers in 1956 and has hit 30 or more homers 10 times with a high of 49 in 1966. With a lifetime total of 475 homers going into the '71 season, he has a shot at the magic figure of 500 this year. He has driven in 100 or more runs six times, with a high of 136 in 1962 and a career output of 1455 going into 1971. That puts the glamorous 1,500 figure within easy reach also.

In his first three seasons in the majors, Robinson hit 98 homers and drove in 241 runs. In Jackson's first three seasons, he hit 99 homers and drove in 258 runs. Assuming last season was not a true test of his ability, Reggie has rolled up impressive early-career credentials, suggesting solid superstar status in time. He will be just 25 on May 18, so the powerful six-foot, 210-pounder may not even be in his prime yet. That's why last season's unexpected setback was so deeply disconcerting to him.

For a second straight spring he held out for a better contract, antagonizing owner Finley. For a second straight season he was benched early against left-handed pitchers. However, where in his second season he swiftly snapped out of slumps and soon was restored to full-time duty smashing southpaws as well as righthanders, the left-handed slugger never found himself last season. "If there's one individual who's hurting this ball club, it's him," snapped Finley. Under orders, John McNamara, Finley's fifth manager in four seasons, began to use him less and less. Finley threatened to demote Reggie to the minors and at one point asked him to go voluntarily, which Reggie refused.

"I don't know what I did wrong," Jackson said of last season, "except to try and get the best contract for myself, which anyone would do, and except for getting off to a slow start, which I always do. I go to the park early every day. The players would kid me about being a $50,000 pinch-hitter. I would work hard. I waited. Nothing happened. I rooted for my team. I rooted for my replacement, Joe Rudi. A great guy. A fine talent. But there is no way he should have been playing and I should have been sitting. He knew it, I knew it and everyone knew it, except, apparently, my bosses."

continued on page 81

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Hockey Brawler John Ferguson

"I CAME BACK BECAUSE THEY SAID THE CANADIENS ARE COWARDS!"

By Red Fisher

He had retired — until he heard his old teammates being maligned. Vowing "I'm a Canadien first and last," big bad John came back. Now NHL foes pay proper respect. They're afraid not to

It all began in Boston. The date was October 8, 1963.

It had been a nerve-wracking day for John Ferguson. He had slept little the night before. The chill of the season had settled in the city, but he had perspired freely all day. His hands shook in the dressing room before the game. He rubbed them frequently, trying to erase the wetness. "It's only a game, kid," one of the veterans said to Ferguson in the moments before Ferguson's first National Hockey League game. "There'll be lots more . . ."

Ferguson grinned tightly, looked down at his hands and reached for a towel. He rubbed his hands briskly.

Rookie Ferguson was in the starting lineup for the Montreal Canadiens against the Bruins. The puck was dropped and now he was racing for it along the boards. Ted Green, the Boston defenseman, waited, There was a crash of bodies and suddenly sticks and gloves were falling to the ice and Ferguson and Green were swinging at each other. It was over quickly. No more than a few seconds, but when the skirmish was over, Green was looking at the rookie curiously. As for Ferguson, his run-in with a feared NHL tough buy established in his own mind how he planned to play the game in the world's toughest league. He would play tough. It's the only way he's ever played the game.

Now it's October 6, 1970—almost seven years later—and the rookie named Ferguson who scored two goals and assisted on a third in his first NHL

Jacques Lemaire, shooting above, was shocked to hear of Ferguson's decision to retire. "It must be a joke," said the Montreal forward.

game, has grown up. Now, he's the feared tough guy. In between, there have been 440 regular-season and 67 playoff games with the Canadiens. There have been innumerable fights, resulting in 1,276 penalty minutes, suspensions, broken hands, near-riots, blazing headlines—and four Stanley Cups.

The Canadiens are only five days away from starting the current season.

"Is anything wrong, Fergy?" a friend asks the hockey player on the telephone.

"N-n-no, nothing wrong."

"I've known you too long and know you too well," his friend says. "There has to be something wrong."

"It's nothing, I tell you, nothing . . ."

"Listen, Fergy, you want me to forget I asked you, okay, I'll forget it. But there's something wrong. Maybe I can help."

"Hold on for a second," he says, "I'll take the telephone downstairs."

A moment later, he's on the basement telephone.

"Look, I've been trying to get Sammy (Canadiens' general manager Sam Pollock) all day. He's got to be told first. He's been good to me and I've got to tell him first. I'm packing it in!"

John Ferguson, who had come from the obscurity of the minors late in life (25) to become one of the NHL's best-known and most-feared players, was quitting at age 32, at the height of his popularity. He was turning his back on the game that made him a major leaguer —on and off the ice. What would prompt him to do a thing like that?

The niggling doubts may have started in a game at St. Louis midway through last season. There was an angry glint in Ferguson's eyes. The color in his cheeks was high. He skated furiously toward a right winger named Gary Sabourin, who raised his stick fearfully as Ferguson wheeled around him. Then Ferguson's stick came around in an arc and the blade struck Sabourin a glancing blow on the shoulder. The St. Louis player fell to the ice, and Ferguson was thrown out of the game.

Not long afterward, there was a verdict from league president Clarence Campbell: Ferguson was suspended for six games.

Only a few people know how distasteful Ferguson found that decision. He talked retirement to a close newspaper friend, but his newspaper friend talked him out of it. Ferguson chafed and sweated through his suspension, then, in his first game back, broke a thumb striking a Chicago defenseman during a fist fight.

That was the start of it. A number of other injuries and missed games added to Ferguson's unhappiness. And finally, there was a 10-2 season-ending loss to Chicago that completed Montreal's slide from first place and the Stanley Cup in 1968-69 to fifth place one year later.

"I'm ashamed," Ferguson said tearfully after the final game last year, "so damned ashamed."

Canadien Pete Mahovlich, No. 20, read of Ferguson's retirement in a French newspaper but dismissed it as a poor translation on his part.

A month before the start of training camp this season, he started talking retirement again. He had no feeling for the game, he said. There were other things to occupy his attention—his lucrative knitwear business (he owned one-third of a business which swelled from 60 employees to 150 in two years), his family, his home . . . lots of things. Still, he was one of the first men on the ice the first day of training camp, and after a couple of days, he was starting to feel more enthusiastic about the game.

"It's starting to come back," he told people, "it's really coming back." Then he hurt his elbow in one of the training camp games. Fluid was drained from it, and his arm was placed in a cast for a few days. The pain stayed with him, but his thoughts provided him with even more distress. My God, he thought, how many times does a guy have to be hurt in this game before he decides he's had enough? Is it worth it? How much does a guy have to give to this game? With Ferguson, he always gave it everything.

He had made up his mind a long time ago that if he ever got into professional hockey, that's the only way he would play. It goes back to the time when he was a stick boy with the Western Hockey League Vancouver Canucks. A player named Larry Zeidel viciously battered a Vancouver player named Phil Maloney. After Zeidel sent Maloney to the dressing room bleeding profusely from the cuts administered, Zeidel skated to the Vancouver bench and challenged the other Canucks. No one reacted.

"Right there, I made up my mind that I wouldn't let that happen to anybody on my team. I never have," says Ferguson.

He fought for himself and for others during his years with the Canadiens. He scored 129 goals, including one 29-goal season, but it was his fists not his scoring that brought him his notoriety. Intimidation Ferguson-style was worth goals and victories to the Canadiens. They were worth championships and Stanley Cups. Intimidation was the reason he was brought to the Canadiens in the first place, and when the announcement was made that he was retiring, the news was like a thunderclap to hockey fans everywhere and to his teammates in particular.

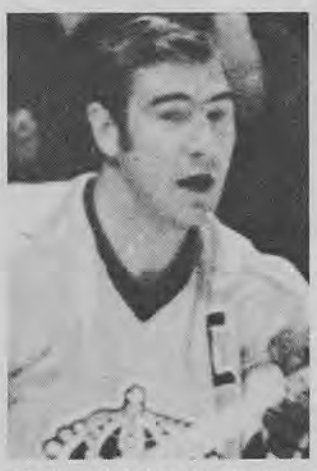
The story was front-page news in Montreal papers and occupied lead positions in sports pages across Canada and in many United States cities where the game is played. The Canadiens greeted the news disbelievingly.

Jacques Lemaire: "It must be a joke. I know I can't believe it. I heard about it on the radio this morning, but I still think he'll be back."

Henri Richard: "My wife woke me at seven and told me about it. It's a lousy way to wake up. I don't believe it and I think he'll be back. He's like everyone else. He'll be tempted."

Peter Mahovlich: "Boy! I spent last night at the track with him and he didn't mention it. I came down to the hotel lob-

Boston's Ken Hodge, No. 8 above going into the stands after a fan, saw a big change in Montreal without Ferguson. Said Hodge: "I didn't realize until now that one man could make so much difference to a team."



I'd like to have him on my side," said Bob Pulford of the Kings, center, speaking about Ferguson. John's Montreal teammates Terry Harper, left, and Jean Beliveau, right, couldn't agree more. Informed of Ferguson's decision to quit the game, Harper simply said, "Help!"

by this morning and saw his picture in the French paper and figured my translation must be bad. The injuries must really bug him.

Rogatien Vachon: "This is a real shock. He must be tired and fed up, but I hope he'll be back. I hope somebody talks to him because everyone's counting on him. We have some good kids, but they just don't have the experience or the muscle."

Jean Beliveau: "He's not just a policeman. He's a 20-goal scorer. Some teams have policemen who only score five goals, so he's a pretty valuable guy. And I don't have to tell anybody what he meant to us in the dressing room."

Terry Harper: "Help!"

Help was what Ferguson brought to the Canadiens in the first place when they promoted him from the anonymity of the minor leagues. He brought it in large quantities, because they needed lots of help. In 1963, the Canadiens had big problems. They had been the dominant team of the 1950's with an unprecedented five straight Stanley Cups, and although they remained a powerhouse into the 60's, some of the cracks were starting to show. Some of the standout players were gone, and their absence hurt. The team continued to make the playoffs, but, when Montreal fails to win a Stanley Cup, it's regarded a dry spell by the team's management and supporters. By 1963, the Canadiens had been eliminated in the playoff semi-finals for three straight seasons, mostly because the athletes were being out-muscled by the opposition. That's where Ferguson came in.

"Hitting is my kind of a game," he said. "I like to hit. I get hit and I try to give some of it back. If I tried to change, I'd be hurting myself and the team."

One of the men with whom Ferguson became embroiled early in his career is Bob Pulford, who now is with the Los Angeles Kings.

"The Canadiens wouldn't be the same without Ferguson," Pulford says. "I don't know what the Canadien's management thinks about his fighting, but I'd like to have him on my side."

"I'm not taking anything away from great hockey players like Jean Beliveau and Henri Richard," says King Clancy, the Toronto Maple Leafs' assistant general manager, "but if I had to pick a guy who's the most valuable player on the Canadiens, I'd go for Ferguson."

Clancy's assessment of Ferguson was brought home time and again during the early weeks of the current season when, after a hopeful start, the Canadiens started to sag. Ferguson's absence was particularly painful during an early-season game in Boston when the Bruins obviously intimidated the Canadiens into a one-sided 6-1 defeat. Without policeman Ferguson to patrol his beat, the Bruins whipped the Canadiens .

"I didn't realize until now that one man could make so much difference to a team," Boston right winger Ken Hodge said after the game. "It's common knowledge what Ferguson meant to that team. We know it. The Canadiens know it."

It was painful, too, to Ferguson, who listened to the game on radio. He heard the commentators mention repeatedly that the Bruins were out-muscling his one-time teammates easily. The doubts started again. Had he left too soon? Was there still a place for the game in his life? By then his business, which had taken so much of his time, had been sold. He was tied to it by the terms of the sale, but even his new employers were starting to wonder whether Ferguson could serve a more useful purpose to them by returning to the public eye.

"Some people are starting to call the Canadiens cowards," Ferguson said. "I don't know if I can stand that. I'm a Canadien first and last."

"What we need is somebody like Fergy," said rookie Rejean Houle. "Other teams aren't so tough when Fergy is around."

"What we need him for more than any-

Ferguson, right, does the thing he's best known for with Reg Fleming of the Rangers.

thing else," said veteran defenseman Terry Harper, "is for his hockey ability. Sure, the guy can fight. But he won games for us with his goals. You don't lose a 29-goal scorer like Fergy and not miss him."

The players wanted him back. Management had left the door open to him from the start, but the important thing was that eventually Ferguson himself decided that he'd like to come back.

His return came in a game against the California Seals only a week after the decision was made public. It was as if something new and wonderful had happened to the Canadiens. Suddenly, a team that was struggling for most of the early weeks of the season perked up and seemed prepared to battle for the Stanley Cup. The night of his return, even though Ferguson sat on the bench most of the time, the chant of "Fergy . . . Fergy . . . Fergy" came from the throats of fans jamming the Montreal Forum. How much did his return mean? A mid-week crowd of 16,709 was there to provide their favorite tough guy with a deafening ovation, the largest mid-week crowd of the season by far up to that point. The Canadiens players became involved in three fights and won the game easily, 5-1.

It would be nice to be able to say that Ferguson's return to the Canadiens provided them with a fairy-tale ending where the team promptly launched a winning streak which brought it to the top of the league standings, never to trail again. But it doesn't quite happen that way in the punishing realism of professional hockey, particularly when outstanding teams such as Boston, New York and Chicago had put an early lock on the race.

That's not to say, however, that it will never happen, that Ferguson won't someday lead the Canadiens to another Stanley Cup. "It takes time," concedes Ferguson, "maybe lots of time. But I still know only one way to play this game. All-out. I have to hit." ▲

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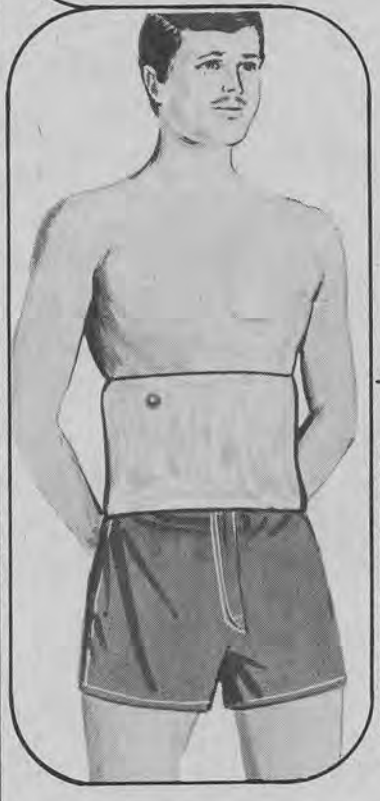

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THE HAMMER STRIKES IT BIG IN HOLLYWOOD

Former Kansas City cornerback Fred Williamson was best known in his playing days for his talent, ego, big mouth and a karate chop with his right forearm which he dubbed "The Hammer." Now sweet Freddie's back in the news as an up and coming actor. Humble as ever, Williamson currently refers to himself as "a black Clark Gable"

By Bill Libby

The Hammer's back and Hollywood has him.

Fred Williamson, spotlighted as boyfriend Steve Bruce on Diahann Carroll's "Julia" show on NBC-TV, stepped out of another spotlight as a bad boy in big league professional football less than two years ago. He is the latest athlete to make it in show biz and immodestly suggests he is the greatest. On the panel of his car, he placed the motto, "It is hard to be humble when you're as great as I am."

"I am a black sex symbol," the 6-3, 220-pounder says. "I and Jim Brown have the market cornered. Beauty and the beast. People go to see Jim Brown to see who he'll beat up. People look at me to see who I'll make love to. I'm a lover, not a fighter. I am a black Clark Gable."

Williamson has appeared in the movies, "M*A*S*H" and "I Love You Junie Moon." He carries around with him a clipping, which he shows to everyone, that describes him as "the hand-

Williamson plays Diahann Carroll's love interest in her successful NBC series "Julia." It's a far cry from football's aches and pains.

somest and most muscular black actor to hit the screen yet."

At breakfast one recent morning, the 32-year-old Williamson, graduate of 10 years in professional football, boasted, "I am going to be very big in show business. I was big in football, though as a defensive back I was so overshadowed I had to call attention to myself to get the credit I deserved. I had that and now I have this. I have finished one life and started another. Someday, I may go on to something else yet. There is nothing I cannot do."

Those of you who do not remember him as a football star need not reproach yourself. He may be bigger than life, but he was not as big as "The Deacon," "Broadway Joe" or "Johnny U." "The Hammer" was good, however, though not as good as he remembers himself to be. No one was, not even Namath.

The son of a welder, born in Chicago, and reared in Gary, Indiana, Fred Williamson was a Big Ten sprinter and shotputter and star defensive end for Ara Parseghian at Northwestern. Signed in 1960 by the NFL's San Francisco 49ers as a pass catcher, then traded to the Pittsburgh Steelers, he failed to make it, played out his option and jumped to the AFL's Oakland Raiders, where he came into prominence as a defensive back. Traded to Kansas City for another defensive back, Dave Grayson, in 1963, it was pointed out to him then that coaches had named he and Grayson as the two best cornerbacks in the division. "I don't know about Grayson," he said, "but I'm the greatest."

He did make the all-league teams in 1962 and 1963, starred for K.C. when the Chiefs won the AFL championship in 1966 and played for them in the first Super Bowl, a loss to Green Bay's Packers in Los Angeles the following January. As great as was his talent, his ego was far greater.

Williamson called attention to himself by adopting white shoes and spats on the field, wearing skin-tight, tailor-made uniforms, taunting his opponents, bragging about his ability and assuming the nickname, "The Hammer," for the karate-like chops with his swinging right arm with which he felled foes.

Some felt he was more glamorous than great. One AFL coach said, "Cornerbacks have to protect against passes and tackle. Williamson is the biggest pass defender in the league, and a good one, but he is not a good tackler." Another said, "He's rough guarding a receiver, but he avoids the rough stuff when he has to take on a blocker or runner head on. He'll hit them with that arm or roll under them or try to get them without risking himself."

Fred shrugged off such criticism. "They fear me, so they hate me. They hate me, so they try to put me down," he said. Sarcastically referred as as "Sweet Freddie" by the fans, they often booed him.

"It's a good part for me," the Hammer admits of his role in Julia. "Diahann and I are both sexy." Says NBC publicity man Bill Stein: "This is one new star who publicized himself."

"They don't know it, but that proves they love me," he said with a grin. "They come out to see me because I'm colorful. To become colorful, I became controversial. But with everyone looking for me, I couldn't have held up if I didn't have the ability."

He shakes his head wistfully. "Defensive back is the toughest and least rewarding position in football," he says. "Offense has all the glamour and gets all the gravy. Maybe offensive linemen get little, but they don't have our responsibilities. Other positions are easier to play. Other positions, you make a mistake, it costs you yards. Defensive back, you make a mistake, it costs you points. You get blamed for everything that goes wrong. No matter what goes right, you get no credit. No defensive back ever won the MVP award. Or even came close. Or ever will. It doesn't matter how great he was.

"I was great, but I had to call attention to myself to make people aware of me, to pick up fans, to make money. It was all calculated. Which doesn't mean it wasn't sincere. I'm a slick con artist."

Off the field, the bachelor became a playboy. He wore mod outfits, drove a Jaguar, rented a fancy pad, dated beautiful girls and partied constantly. Interviewed, he was always good for a groovy quote. On the field, he played Superman. He asked for trouble. He'd call the opposing quarterback's attention to the man he was covering. "Hey, why don't you throw to this man? What's the matter, you sore at him?" He'd needle the receiver. "Here, you just run down the field. I'll give you a headstart," he'd say. Or, "I think I'll go take a nap."

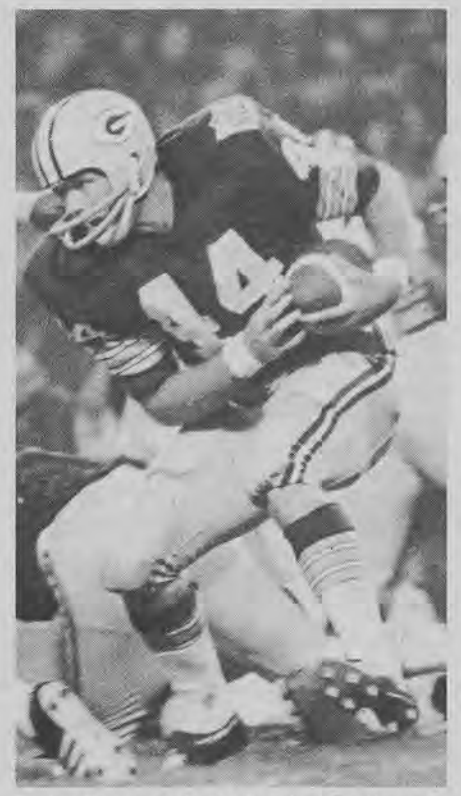
Because Lance Alworth was the most famous receiver in the AFL, Fred picked on him most. Once he told a reporter, "Print that I have a twisted ankle. That will make them throw to Alworth. I'm guarding him. If they throw to him, we have to win." After Alworth missed a game against Williamson because of an injury, Fred sent him a note before the next meeting: "Are you going to dare face me? Or are you going to play sick?" After stopping Alworth in one game, he told writers, "I was disappointed in him. He posed no challenge. He was easy."

Once he explained, "Talking like this is my way of getting up. I have to get myself psyched up to play up to my ability. Otherwise it's too easy for me and I let down. Besides, if the receivers start thinking about me, they won't be thinking about what they're supposed to be doing and it'll make my job easier." He suggested no one could do his job any better. Asked once if he was not impressed by the adulation paid him by some fans, he smiled and said, "I don't mind, but still the real thrill come from myself realizing how good I am."

Preparing for the first Super Bowl, he went to practice in a chauffeured limousine. He announced publicly, "The Hammer will fall on the Green Bay Packers." He recalls now, "It did. It fell on Boyd Dowler and they carried him out on a stretcher." Reminded that he was carried out on a stretcher, too, Williamson laugh-

"I am a black sex symbol," proclaims sweet Freddie. "I and Jim Brown (above) have the market cornered."

Fred's Hammer sidelined ex-Bronco Bob Scarpitto, above, and Jet Don Maynard, below. Scarpitto's Denver teammates threatened retaliation but never got to Williamson.



Packer Donny Anderson knocked the Hammer cold with a knee in the 1966 Super Bowl.

ed and said, "That was nothing. Donny Anderson got me on the jaw with a knee in the last minute. I wasn't knocked out. I told them to carry me off. I wanted to see how my fans would take it."

In a game the next season, he writhed on the ground as though fatally fractured. When an anxious teammate rushed up to ask how he was, Williamson grinned and said, "Oh, I'm fine. How are my fans taking it?"

"The Hammer" fell on Bob Scarpitto, breaking his collarbone, and Bob's Bronco teammates threatened to destroy Williamson but did not quite get to him. When Walt Sweeney of San Diego threatened to retailiate for wrongs done Alworth, Williamson wore a feather in a headband in practice and announced, "I'm ready to go on the warpath." The Chargers never could corral him.

"The Hammer" put Howard Twilley of Miami in the hospital for four days with a blow that Frank Jackson termed, "cheap theatrics." Reprisals were hinted. Shrugged Williamson, "So what else is new? Tell him to get in line. I've got about 25 guys around the league looking for me. But I stay alert. I keep my head on a swivel, always looking for trouble. I like that sort of challenge. I need pressure. Otherwise it's hard to retain interest in so simple a game."

Claiming he learned judo and karate to protect himself as a tough kid on the gang-infested streets of Gary, Williamson noted, "Remember, I am not only the biggest defensive back, but one of the fastest. It is hard for them to push me around and harder for them to catch up to me. If they do, I have the weapons to defend myself."

Eventually, however, injuries cut into his enthusiasm. He suffered a shoulder separation dropping his hammer on Buffalo's Glenn Bass, then wrecked the shoulder again lowering the boom on the New York Jets' Don Maynard. He began to think of retiring to pursue a career as an architect, his field of study at Northwestern.

However, while working as an apprentice in his profession in the summer of 1969, he was watching some TV shows and realized he was a "natural-born actor," who could do better than some of those "clowns" he was watching on the tube. He quit, drove to Los Angeles, looked up an agent in the yellow pages, sold himself, won a walk-on on "Laugh-In" and was on his way. Two weeks after he arrived, he landed a guest spot on "Julia." One year later he had a regular role.

A few games into the 1969 season, he quit football to become an actor full time. "Football can be played by nice guys again," he commented. He was a natural for the role of a pro football player, "Spear Tucker," in "M*A*S*H*", then talked Otto Preminger into giving him the role of the beach bum who carries the paraplegic's wheel chair in "Junie Moon," which starred Liza Minelli.

He guested on a few TV shows, guested on "Julia," then was picked to portray her "steady" full time when it was decided to add love interest to the show. "It's a good part for me. Diahann and I are both sexy. It's a job. I'm learning. The part of the pro football player in MASH didn't stretch me, but it was tremendous experience just getting exposed to actors like Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. The 'Junie Moon' thing was a kick because it wasn't a 'black' part. In the book, an Italian played the part. He was tall, dark and handsome. So am I.

"Maybe it was tough for black actors to get big parts in films a few years ago, but I wouldn't know because I wasn't around then. I only know the opening is here now. Economics have created it, nothing else. The black man is making more money now. He has buying power. Everyone is courting his green. Movie people want him in the audiences. And audiences are no longer upset at seeing black faces in all kinds of roles now."

As you might expect, Williamson doesn't seem surprised he has had such success so swiftly and so easily. "I can do anything," he says. "Everything always came easy to me. I had architecture. I didn't need this. It needs me. I was always a ham at heart. Football is show business, too, especially the way I approached it. We perform in public. I called attention to myself. I was good, but I also worked hard to get great. I'm doing the same here."

He discarded the sports car, the clothes and the attitudes of football when he hit Hollywood. He says, "The symbols that made it in Kansas City don't go in

continued on page 81

INSIDE SPORTS TODAY

continued from page 13

under NBA backboards proves he is tough, but what would happen to him the first time he gets clipped with a left hook to the chin?

That's the big question, the test of any fighter. It doesn't help you take a punch any better if you are big, if you are courageous, if you are willing to take it. Either you can take a punch or you cannot. It's as simple as that.

Ironically, if Chamberlain does put on the gloves and climbs into the ring, he will not be the tallest fighter in history. That distinction, according to the Guinness Book of World Records, belongs to one Jim Cully of Ireland. Cully stood 7-4 and had four professional fights in 1947 and 1948. He lost them all.

Cully is not the only giant to prove that exceptional height does not necessarily make a fighter a good one. The first of the modern heavyweight champions, John L. Sullivan, was depicted as a man of awesome size and strength. In reality, he stood only 5-10½ and weighed 190.

James J. Corbett stood 6-1, and Bob Fitzsimmons gave away 2½ inches in height to the 6-1½ Jim Jeffries when they fought for the title in Coney Island on June 9, 1899. Actually, it wasn't height Fitzsimmons was talking about, but weight, when he coined the now famous phrase: 'The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

Jeffries weighed 206 and knocked out the 167-pound Fitzsimmons in 11 rounds.

Jack Johnson was only 6-1, but he was an awesome champion, holding the title for eight years before losing to Jess Willard, the Pottawatomie Giant, under mysterious circumstances. Willard was the tallest of all heavyweight champions, a monster at 6-6. Much of the legend of Jack Dempsey can be attributed to films of Jack, looking like a pygmy, beating the taller Willard to a bloody pulp to win the championship. At 6-1, Dempsey gave away five inches to Willard.

Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling were all 6-1. The next over-sized champion was Primo Carnera, second tallest heavyweight king at 6-5¾. The huge Italian did very little to challenge the theory that big men can't fight. Primo was a buffoon in the ring and his six-round KO of Sharkey to win the title in Long Island City on June 29, 1933, has long been suspect. So were his two defenses—decisions over Paolino Uzcudun (in Rome) and Tommy Loughran (86 pounds lighter). Fifteen days short of a year after he won the title, Carnera was knocked out by Max Baer, who stood 6-2½.

Ironically, no heavyweight champion since Baer has been taller than Baer, although statistics prove that human beings are taller now than they were 30 years ago when Max was king. It probably says something for the theory that tall fighters do not make good fighters.

Jim Braddock was 6-2, Joe Louis 6-1½ and then they got shorter. Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles were both six footers and Rocky Marciano a mere 5-10. Floyd Paterson was six feet, Ingemar Johansson a half inch shorter.

Sonny Liston was 6-1½, Clay an inch taller, but Frazier is a shade under six feet. Since Carnera, there hasn't been a heavyweight champion tall enough to play forward in Chamberlain's sport. It is probably not merely a coincidence, though it is possible that all the taller fellows choose basketball instead of boxing.

An exception was Jim Beattie, a 6-8 giant from St. Paul who tried to make it big as a heavyweight a few years ago. Beattie had size, strength, courage and brains, but he had one problem. He couldn't fight. And he was always the villain, never the hero. Beattie finally made it big in the ring—as an actor playing the part of Jess Willard in the movie version of "The Great White Hope." ▲

SECRET HELMET

continued from page 29

line production of good football players. Somehow, however, the manufacturer missed the city itself. For example, there are only four Pittsburgh City League graduates in the NFL today—Brown, teammate Jon Henderson, Tony Liscio of Dallas and Francis Peay of Green Bay—but there are many products of non-city West Penn schools, including Joe Namath, Mike Reid, Mike Lucci, Ted Kwalick, Mercury Morris, Myron Pottios, Terry Hanratty, Eric Crabtree and—yes, he was once a high school student—George Blanda.

Compounding Brown's problem was the fact that he was also at the wrong black school. Schenley's fierce rival, Westinghouse, was the league's perennial champion, and the Westinghouse players were the only ones in the league who really received any recognition. "We didn't win very often, and I didn't receive any outstanding publicity," Brown recalls.

Nevertheless, several college recruiters noticed him and offered scholarships, but as much as he wanted to go to college, Brown had a problem that at first made him think he better not. "My parents had financial difficulties and I thought I should stay home and help them," he says. "But then I decided the best way I could help was by going to school. By that time, though, all the scholarship offers had been withdrawn."

His college education was not lost, though, because his high school coach, Willard Fisher, contacted someone at Dodge City (Kansas) Junior College and managed to get Brown a scholarship there. That is, Fisher thought Brown had a scholarship.

When the 17-year-old arrived in Dodge City ("When the train pulled into town the first thing I saw was the Wyatt Earp Hotel on Gunsmoke Avenue. Then they took me to see Boot Hill"), he discovered there had been a change in the coaching staff and the new coach told him he would have to prove himself and make the team before the scholarship was his. Figuring that if he didn't make the team he might as well ride out to Boot Hill and stay there, Brown worked hard and was so impressive he made the starting team. He also wound up making the all-conference team, and after he finished his two-year stretch in Dodge City, he received scholarship offers from a number of regular four-year colleges.

"I didn't like the situation I was in," Brown relates. "The blacks really weren't together so I thought my best move would be to go to school where I would be more comfortable. Then one day when I was visiting Southern Illinois, I received a telegram from my coach, Leroy Montgomery, saying he was named the coach of the freshman team at Kansas State. He told me if I went there I'd have a better chance to play pro football. I really had never thought of playing pro ball until then."

But upon arriving at Kansas State, Brown discovered he had to prove himself all over again.

"I had missed spring practice so they didn't think I could make the team," he says. "After two or three days of practice they decided I had grasped the system and they promoted me to the second team. I sat out the first game of the season, which was a drag, but then I was made the fullback on the first team."

Brown wasn't about to dazzle anyone with his running ability, though, because Kansas State already had a runner who was supposed to be an All-American. The new kid on the team was assigned the job of blocking for him.

But the would-be All-American remained a would-be, and the next season Brown was moved to halfback. There he still didn't carry the ball very much because the Wildcats primarily were a passing team. However, just as in high school, scouts somehow noticed him and the Redskins selected him in the eighth round of the 1969 draft.

Brown and Lombardi arrived in Washington at the same time, but Lombardi had a lucrative contract and Brown had a 1-in-20 chance of making the team.

"I knew I had to work hard and I had to impress the coaches every day," says Brown. "Because of my size, I knew I had to work on my quickness so I could use my quickness to beat the linemen before they could get started.

"Then Coach Lombardi began to praise

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me. This was unusual because I knew Coach Lombardi didn't praise anybody. But I didn't feel secure because he kept bringing in more backs and I knew he wasn't satisfied about something. I just kept trying harder and harder, and later on he started picking on me and that's when I figured I had it made. By picking on me, I felt he was treating me like the veterans and that made me feel good. I figured I was gaining his respect."

Brown also gained Lombardi's special attention and in time, the hearing aid. That combination was enough to help him gain 888 yards on the ground, a Redskin rookie record and only 56 yards less than was accumulated by Dallas' Calvin Hill, the NFL's Rookie of the Year that season. To put it mildly, that wasn't a bad season for a rookie the Redskins first thought might make their taxi squad.

Instead, he made the All-Star squad and then last season made the all-league team after rambling to the rushing title. En route to his 1,125 yards, a team record, he passed the 100-yard level in six games, reaching a high of 139 on an eight-yard average against the New York Giants. He also burst through the rugged Detroit defense for 101 yards on 22 carries and the even more difficult Dallas defense for 119 yards on the same number of tries.

Brown's development has meant more to the Redskins than simply having a good runner. Until Brown, they had possibly the best passer in the league in Sonny Jurgensen, but defenses were able to set themselves for Jurgensen's passes because they knew Washington didn't have a ground attack with which to diversify its game plan. Thus, Brown has made Jurgensen all the more dangerous.

"I don't know of a better halfback in the league," says Bill Austin, who succeeded Lombardi as coach for the 1970 season before himself being replaced by George Allen. "He's the complete back. He runs with reckless abandon but also uses his blocks well. He has a very quick start and breaks a lot of tackles. He's not only a game player but a practice player, too. He gets bruised up in a game and runs out the bruises in practice."

"Watch him early in the game," says a teammate, guard Vince Promuto. "See how he punishes himself like a lineman does to get that extra yard. He never saves anything. Then look at Larry in the fourth quarter. He's still busting tackles."

Brown also is still hearing the signals —thanks to Vince Lombardi. ▲

"I HATE NEW YORK!"
continued from page 25

them up in key spots when he challenged the hitters. There was one classic duel with Hank Aaron when Gentry came in as a relief pitcher. He kept throwing fastballs and Aaron kept fouling them back.

"If he throws a curve I'm dead," said Aaron.

"My best pitch is my fastball. I have to go with my strength," Gentry said.

The fastball came in and Aaron hit it into the upper deck at Shea.

"I challenged him and he hit it. He's got 3,000 hits and almost 600 homers. He's got a few off good pitchers. I don't feel too upset about it," Gentry said.

Gentry is intelligent enough to know good hitters will do that to a pitcher once in a while. He is also intelligent enough to know that if he does it too often he will have to change his summer mailing address from New York.

"As long as it's in the major leagues I won't care," he says. "Maybe the kids who ask for autographs in the next town I play in won't yell, 'Hey, Gentry, gimme your autograph.' Maybe they will even ask politely." ▲

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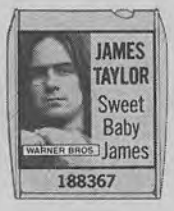

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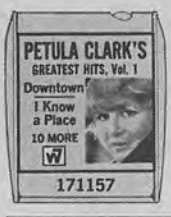

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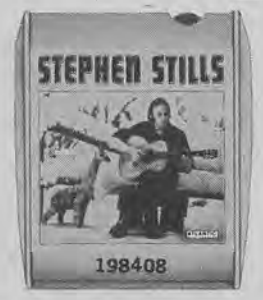

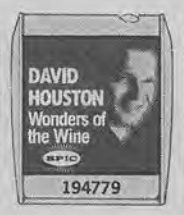

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CUBS' REVOLT

continued from page 34

retire after 1970, a year in which he suffered a mild heart attack.

A new pitching coach and, hopefully, a new attitude . . . that is how Durocher began his 22nd season as a manager, his sixth with the Cubs. He's finished second twice and third twice with Chicago, yet his overall five year won-lost record going into this season was only 406-403. Viewing his entire 21-year managing career, Leo has won three pennants, finished second six times and third seven times. He won one world championship, in 1954 with the New York Giants.

Through all of those 21 years of managing, there has been controversy and turbulance. He's fought with fans, writers, umpires, owners, commissioners, husbands and judges. But through most of it, Durocher always managed to keep his players in line. He was, in his own words, "their kind of guy."

However, Leo may have lost his touch somewhere along the way. To many of the Cubs, he is not their kind of guy, and he's facing a battle for survival in 1971. "Leo wants to win," emphasizes one official from the Cubs' front office, "And we think he wants to do the right thing with this club. He just doesn't know how. That's why he's going to try to be different this year. We're hoping he'll be changed.

"We're hoping he'll be more of a human being."

Actually, the Cubs are no longer hoping. They're demanding now. ▲

MARGARET COURT

continued from page 41

and from being able to kill smashes at the net."

HAND SIZE

	Hand Length	Palm Breadth
U.S. Service Women	6-7¾"	2⅝-3⅝"
Mrs. Court	7⅞"	3⅜"

"Margaret has relatively large and strong hands, the right being appreciably larger and stronger than the left," the doctor said.

HAND STRENGTH

	Right Hand	Left Hand
Average woman (under 30)	76½ lbs.	64½ lbs.
Athletes (five tested)	92 lbs.	85 lbs.
Mrs. Court.	121¼ lbs.	73¾ lbs

"Margaret's right hand grip strength was found equivalent to the average found in 10 physical education men from St. Mary's Teacher Training College," the report said.

STANDING JUMP

	Avg. Jump	Range of Jumps
Normal women	15¼ ins.	10½-19 ins.
Athletes	19¾ ins.	15-22 ins.
Mrs. Court	21 ins.	19-22¾ ins.

"Margaret made the highest jump of all the women we tested," Dr. Whitney reported.

Margaret was not always so remarkable a physical specimen. When she was a teenager, she was very skinny and awkward. Her father feared she never would have the strength to play tournament tennis. However, by the time she was 15, she could beat every boy her age in Albury, the country town between Melbourne and Sydney where she grew up. She had collected more than 50 trophies for junior tennis achievement.

She was only 15 and was already attracting attention when friends in Albury encouraged her to make a trip to Melbourne, the capital of the state of Victoria and the seat of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association. There the spindly-legged girl from the country fell under the wing of Frank Sedgman, Wimbledon champion and Davis Cup star of the early 1950's. Sedgman and his wife took her into their home.

"You've got to get some muscle on those bones," Sedgman advised.

Margaret enrolled at a neighborhood gymnasium. There, by the hour, she lifted weights, exercised on the bars and trampolines, jumped rope and engaged in calisthenics. The change was phenomenal. She developed powerful shoulders and arms. Her toothpick legs developed shapely calves and thighs.

In 1960, at the age of 17, she won the Australian women's championship. She was on her way.

John Newcombe, an Australian who rose to the top of men's tennis, recalls Margaret's early years as a shy, retiring stringbean who dedicated herself to tennis and shunned the social life.

"She wasn't the sort you'd notice at a party. In fact, she seldom went to parties," John says. "Maybe it was because she came from the country and lacked self confidence. But her personality and confidence grew after she began to make the world tour."

Her contemporaries say she became very fashion conscious. She became a good dancer. Although basically quiet, she let loose among friends and at times became the life of the party. She never lacked for male companionship, always having a swain in the wings. She dated a track star, a swimmer and several tennis players before she married Barry.

Carole Graebner recalls that she always wanted to be totally feminine and at one time even had Teddy Tinling, the famous London designer, make her one of those frilly tennis dresses with ballerina skirt and peek-a-boo panties.

"She found the dress uncomfortable," Carole says. "So she returned to her basic attire of pleated white skirt and blouse. "She always looks neat and feminine," Carole said. But her tennis game had the power of a man's. In the roll call of women's tennis champions, none except perhaps Althea Gibson could compare with Margaret Court in raw physical attributes.

Althea, who ruled the courts in 1957 and 1958, was, like Margaret, a big girl —5-10 and 140 pounds. She learned the game on the sidewalks of Harlem, where she competed and held her own with boys in all sports. Not as graceful and fluid as Mrs. Court in her movements, Althea nevertheless also played the game with a man-like power. She literally overwhelmed her opponents.

The other great women's champions had different styles.

Suzanne Lenglen, the temperamental French mademoiselle who won six Wimbledons in the Golden Twenties, was lithe and feminine. She practiced with such dedication that she could hit a coin on the court five time out of five. But she was frail and unhealthy. She died before her time.

Helen Wills Moody, who set the record of eight Wimbledon triumphs, was a cold, expressionless automaton under her familiar white visor. She wasn't overly big or overly strong. Her forte was almost errorless precision.

Many tennis experts rated Little Mo Connolly as the all-time best before the emergence of Mrs. Court. Little Mo was just a wisp of a girl, but she was a veritable machine who raked the sidelines with her shots from the back court.

Mrs. Court has more natural equipment than any of them.

"Margaret's basic athletic ability is the main asset of her tennis game," says Julie Heldman. "She relies on her speed of foot and her power, especially at the net. She has always been a strong server and volleyer. Her gym training and her great mobility give her the appearance of being a much larger woman than she is. The only reason Margaret ever loses a match is because of nerves. The pressure on her is tremendous. It is obvious to the whole world that she has far more equipment than any other woman player in history."

Says little Rosemary Casals: "She frightens you when you look at her from the other side of the court. She seems to be just a collection of arms and legs, like an octopus. You can't get the ball out of her reach."

"The thing about Margaret Court," says Nancy Richey, "is that she never has anything wrong with her. She is a physical marvel."

America's Billie Jean King is one of the few women players not in awe of the awesome Aussie, but Billie Jean confesses to a deep respect for her rival. "She simply overpowers most opponents," says Billie Jean. "You have to get on top of her and never let her get away. If she breaks on top, her confidence soars and she is murderous."

continued on page 80

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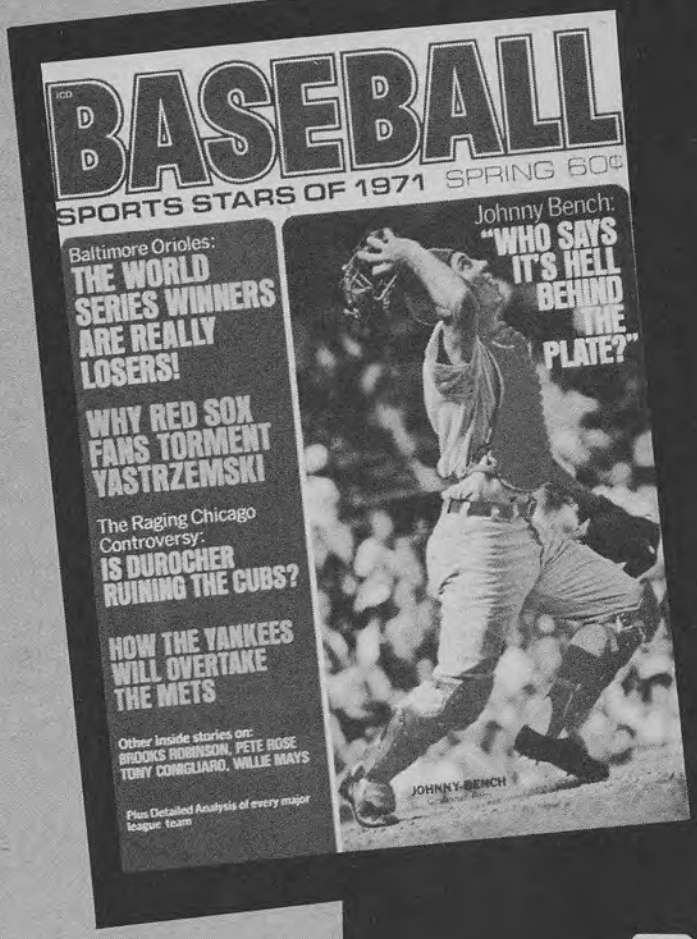
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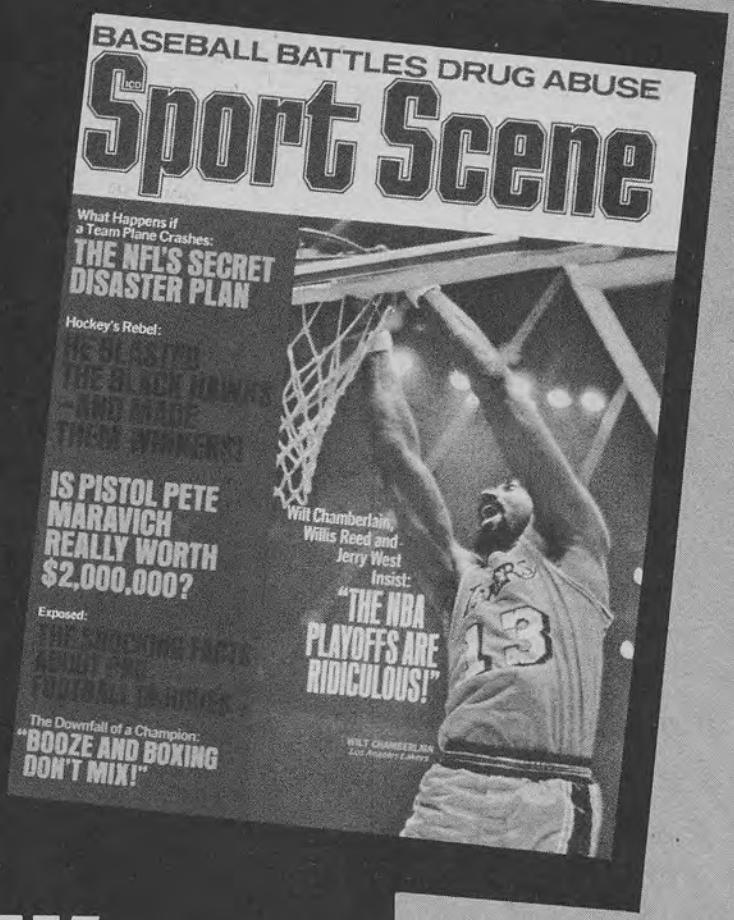
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ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER

MARGARET COURT

continued from page 78

John Newcombe attributes much of Margaret's success to a killer instinct.

"Most of us tend to let up against a weak opponent," he says. "We take it easy, relax, have fun. But not Margaret. It's not in her make-up. She hates to lose a single point. She will go all-out no matter who she's playing."

In 1968, Margaret Smith Court received a special award for her tennis accomplishments. It was a silver bowl which carried the notation: "A feminine, gentle athlete who is every inch a champion."

Margaret might have been happier if the inscription had carried one more line: "And she is no Amazon." ▲

MAGIC OF EARL MONROE

continued from page 47

lor. Which also meant that Earl was being underpaid. Against the advice of Gaines, he had signed a two-year contract at $20,000. He is getting considerably more now, but Earl wanted to prove himself in the NBA and once having done so he wanted to get what he was worth. His threat to join the ABA helped.

There are a lot of show biz aspects about Earl The Pearl (best in the worl', as they used to chant at Winston-Salem.) He knows who he is. He knows where he is. He knows where it's at. There are some who feel that Earl thinks it's all in the stands, in the oohs and ahs of the crowd as he handles the basketball. "A crowd," he says, "turns me on." Paradoxically, however, Bullets' general manager Joe Sachs says of his high-scoring guard, "If we have a loner around her, Earl is the one. He's not the most communicative guy or the most outgoing."

"Actually," says Monroe, "there may be two people inside of me. One likes the spotlight. The other abhors it. On the court I'm one person. Off it I'm another. I'm always going to keep some of myself private. I don't believe that what I do when I'm playing gives anybody the right to know what I'm thinking."

So there it is, the magic again. Now you see me. Now you don't. It's something like Monroe once said about the way he plays. "I don't believe I can be stopped. The thing is, I don't know what I'm going to do with the ball, and if I don't know, I'm quite sure that the guy guarding me doesn't know, either."

Maybe Monroe's left hand doesn't know what his right hand is doing, but the Bullets certainly know that when Earl isn't doing his thing they can't possibly do theirs.

"Before Earl joined the team," says Bullet guard Kevin Loughery, "we were built around Gus Johnson. When Earl got here it took a while for him to become accustomed to us and for the rest of us to become adjusted to him. Actually, without saying as much, we were all waiting for him to take over on offense. With Gus and Wes (Unseld) off the boards and Earl making those men come to him, look out. Earl can do more tricks with that ball than those guys used to do when yo-yo's were in style."

Maybe it all comes together in the way the world champion Knicks respect Monroe and gear themselves specially when they go against the Bullets. Two years ago the Knicks swept Baltimore in the Eastern Division playoff. A year ago it took them seven games. Monroe was played with a defense last year that can almost be equated with football's bump and run.

When the Knicks had the ball, Frazier made Earl work. "If I tire him there's the chance he won't shoot as well," said Clyde.

On defense, the Knicks had Dick Barnett all over Earl, harassing him, forcing Earl to force his shots.

But early this season, the Bullets beat the Knicks in their first two games and in the third it came down to two shots. On one, Monroe dribbled down the right side of the floor with the chance to tie it up, loosed himself from Frazier and went up to let the ball go. But out of nowhere came Dave Stallworth to block the shot and it immediately was turned into a Knick three-point play at the other end, with Frazier scoring on a fast break that insured a New York victory.

"I thought I got away from Clyde," said Monroe, "and I let it go, but then all I saw was a lot of jerseys."

"You should have made those jerseys disappear," somebody said.

"Man," said Magic, "didn't I tell you I'm still perfecting my act?"

Woe to the rest of the NBA when Magic's ready. ▲

MEANEST MAN

continued from page 57

official is ever distracted, particularly by a reputation, and that he is under constant surveillance.

"Officials are just like pitchers who keep books on hitters," Hackbart feels. "Officials watch films—they know who's going to hit late and hit hard."

It's not only the officials who have made Hackbart think about the life he leads as an assassin. There was also a particularly chilling incident during the 1970 season that, while it didn't change his attitude, did make him sit down and analyze the situation.

It occurred during the opening game against the Kansas City Chiefs, who had upset Minnesota in the Super Bowl nine months earlier.

"We were out for revenge," Hackbart admits. "We had waited a year to get our hands on them. It was like they weren't human. We played with one thought—punish them."

Hackbart saw his opportunity to inflict some punishment with four minutes left to play when Chiefs' quarterback Lenny Dawson flipped a swing pass to Holmes, who let the ball slip off his fingertips. But Hackbart, with nine months of momentum behind him, ran into Holmes, clobbering the unaware running back with a forearm.

Holmes dropped in a heap and Hackbart's forearm began to swell from the force of the blow. Silence surrounded the scene as the Kansas City running back lay motionless. Then they came to carry Holmes away while Hackbart's teammates pounded him in savage satisfaction.

"They were slapping me on the helmet and saying, 'Good hit, Hack' and 'Way to stick 'em,'" Hackbart remembers. "We always pride ourselves on hitting hard. But I couldn't be enthusiastic this time. I've racked up a lot of people but no one was ever down that long.

While Holmes was rushed to a hospital, the Vikings finished off a 27-10 victory and retired to the dressing room, where the full realization of his own savagery almost completely crushed Hackbart.

"I wanted to quit the game right then," Hackbart recalls. "After nine years of pro ball, I finally was overcome by the violence. I had never before hurt anyone seriously, and when my friends told me they had taken Holmes away in an ambulance, I had difficulty thinking clearly. I knew no one had ever come after me to end my career, and here I was possibly ending someone else's career. I felt passive for the first time since I started out. I sat up all night, trying to decide if I really had to hit him.

"I saw the play over and over again in my mind and I kept thinking, almost out loud, 'Could I have stopped?'"

The answer came slowly. It came from Dawson, who assured Hackbart he didn't think the injury was intentional, and it came from television, where the following week Hackbart saw Holmes play against the Baltimore Colts.

"When I saw he had recovered I felt much better," Hackbart recalls. "But I still had some soul-searching to do. It was the first time I actually thought out football. If I believed I had full intentions of maiming Holmes, I would have hung it up right then. But I became more and more sure that I didn't intend to hurt him. Things came clear. I'm a defensive player and the aggressor. I have to accept that. And our opponents have to accept that. Either that, or I don't belong out there, or they don't belong out there.

"There's really no other answer. I don't

think I've ever done or said anything out on the football field that was meant in any way to hurt anyone. It was just a case of me being emotional at the time and letting the emotions direct me. All you have to do to realize that is look at a defensive player, even when he's not playing. The personalities of defensive players are very much more aggressive."

Hackbart has now come full circle—from a passive attitude that almost ended his career, to an aggressive attitude that gained him his job with the Vikings, to thoughts filtering through his mind following the Holmes incident that possibly he was dealing in too much violence. Ultimately he rejected those thoughts, and as the time to go to training camp again approaches, Hackbart is fully back on the path that built his reputation, even as it gave him a notoriety he's not about to question anymore.

"I'm as ready as I've ever been to play wild, aggressive football," Hackbart explains. "I'm going to be 32, but that shouldn't matter. The game the way I play it is 90 per cent mental attitude, and when it comes to being aggressive, I've found in most players that the mind goes first and the body later."

And Hackbart's mental attitude is right where it has been during the years in which he has achieved success—thinking about mayhem and punishment.

"I've thought it all out since the Holmes thing," Hackbart explains "Defense has to be wild. I was naive and immature when I started out. I lost a job because of that. I don't intend to lose a job again.

"Now I know—I could never assume the role of a good guy." ▲

REGGIE JACKSON

continued from page 62

Jackson's face seemed drawn as he spoke. His hands fluttered nervously. He is a strong personality who suddenly seemed shaken. Not just a hitter, he has great speed and a powerful arm. He was capable of great moves on the bases, fine fielding plays, and awesome throws, but he sometimes was picked off bases, dropped balls or threw wildly. "I make some mistakes, but I'm young. Aren't I supposed to make mistakes?" Jackson asked. "I'm just learning. No one else on this team is fined as often or as heavily, or criticized as much or as publicly as I am."

Jackson admits that while he seemed to speak modestly, inside he got all swollen up by his big sophomore year. "Everyone loved me, so I loved everyone. I began to think I was pretty good. At home I got to strutting around and sounding off like a big man, which hurt my wife Jenni and hurt us. We had our disagreements. It took a lot to bring me back to earth."

When he reached earth with a thud, he found rumors in the newspapers that his marriage was breaking up. He also found writers who had romanced him the year before, trying to get him to pop off to provide hot copy. And a few of his friends were not so friendly. "I'm not the first person to find out a lot about people in times of stress," Jackson sighed.

Jenni, a beautiful and brilliant girl, says, "Reggie is a great man, a great potential, who has a lot of growing up to do. His early life, with a divided family, was hard for him, but he was so good in sports a lot of success and money has come easy to him. Possibly it's not the worst thing in life that he has had to go through a period of adversity. It's helped him to find himself."

Reggie said, "This has been a very humbling experience, but it may be good for me. It may be the Lord's way of testing me, of making me a better man. I'm being taught that life is not all sweet. I suppose I'll be the better for it."

Jackson, who admitted he wanted to turn his back and just walk away from the game but found he couldn't, said he loves baseball. "There is nothing I like better than hitting a ball hard—clean and hard. The feel of it, the sound of it, it's beautiful. I love going to the park, putting on that tapered uniform, going out on the field in front of all those people. I am excited just watching the great stars perform.

"But the game hasn't been for me what I hoped it would be. It has been great highs and great lows on the field. It has been arguments over money off the field. It has been hotter in the spotlight than I ever dreamed it would be. It has been a good team, which should be a big winner, going bad and losing. I didn't want to be an overnight sensation. I just wanted to progress steadily until I was as good a player as I could be."

Now that may yet come to pass. If it does, it will be a tremendous boost for the A's, who seemed loaded with budding talent and likely to be a dominant team in the American League two seasons back, but have seemed unsettled under Finley's domination and have fallen far short of their potential. Attendance has been poor in Oakland. Jackson was not the only disappointment last season.

Possibly Reggie and the others can rebound now. If Reggie does, it will be because he has passed through a crisis which strengthened him and found in Frank Robinson the bolstering his morale badly needed. "Frank," says Reggie, "is a great leader and a great person. It is not because he is black and I am black, but because he is a fellow who can help anyone and I am someone who needed help. Summers we have been foes, but the past winter we were friends and I've never had a better one." ▲

HAMMER STRIKES IT BIG

continued from page 73

Hollywood. Here you need a whole new set." He drives a dune buggy, paints and plays chess. He wears skin-tight stretch pants. He still dates heavily because he still is a bachelor. "I set impossibly high standards for a wife," he says with a smile. "Anyway, it's better for me to be a sex symbol than a husband."

He signed up for acting lessons, but insists he is a natural. "I've heard some say it's hard to get used to playing a part in a studio full of people, doing it over and over, then seeing yourself on screen. But I can't see it. I have no hang-ups, no blocks. I have an ego that makes it easy for me. I can play a love scene. Why not? Who cares if someone is watching? I am a very deep person. A writer will never write a character beyond the scope of my experience. I have lived enough in my lifetime to portray anyone."

NBC publicist Bill Stein says, "This is one new star who publicized himself." "Julia" producer Hal Kanter says, "If we can find a bottle big enough to put his ego in, we'll need a redwood tree for a cork. But he has a chance because beneath the bravado he seems shrewd enough to see that he has to improve and he has shown a willingness to work. Easy success spoils some like him. We'll see." Comments Williamson, "I am too much of a perfectionist to take it easy. I set high standards for myself. Inside, I am my own worst critic."

Williamson insists he does not miss football. "When I go into something I give it all I have to give. I did this with football. Comes the time you have gotten all you can out of yourself and all you can do is try to top yourself. That is the time to get out. So I got out. I enjoyed it, but I don't miss it. It was something I wanted to do and now I've gone on to something else I want to do. I like the spotlight and I've got one here just like I did there. I've got competition, too.

Williamson considers himself a football fan now, more than a former player. "I was glued to the TV set whenever I could be, like New Year's Day and the weekend pro playoffs. I didn't go to many Ram games, but I took in games in San Diego, Oakland and Kansas City. I'm still an old AFL man and I identify best with the fellows I used to play with and against.

When he was a football player, a Kansas City writer wrote that "compared to Fred Williamson, Cassius Clay hates himself." Now that he is a star, others are suggesting the same. "Oh, well, this is certainly not a profession for shrinking violets," he says with a grin. "A lot of what I say may be tongue in cheek. How much? Baby, you'll have to figure that out for yourself. I'm not giving myself away." ▲

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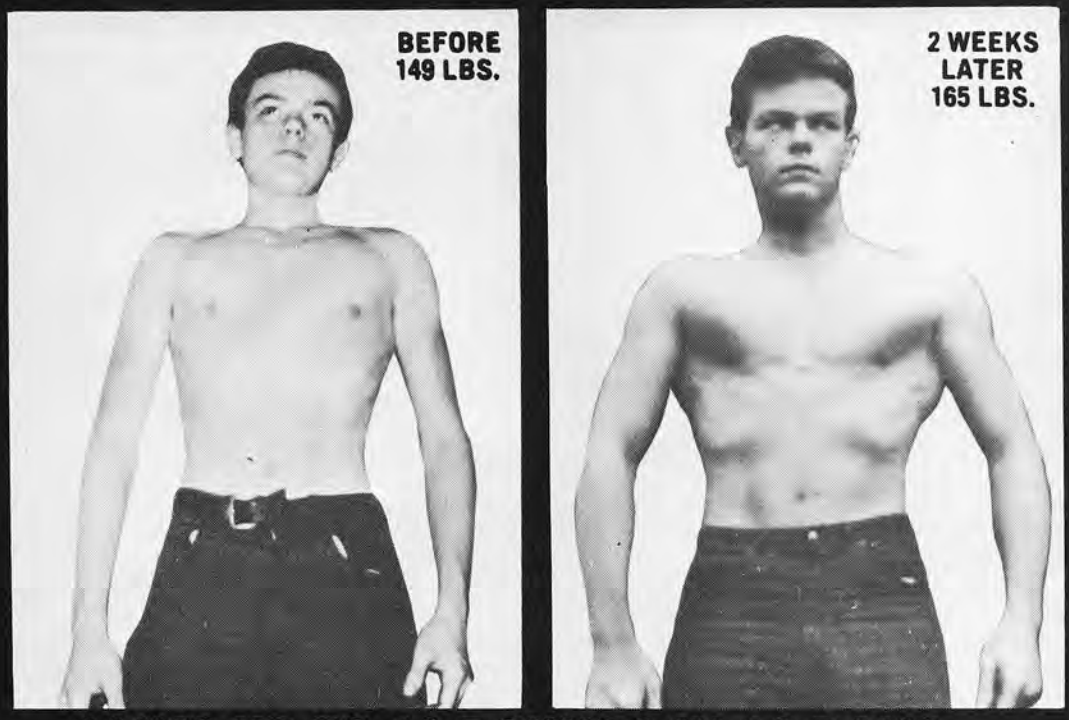

GAINS UP TO 16 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS—
adds 2¼" to each arm, 2¼" to his chest!

Walter Leno of Burlington, Vt. reported these fantastic gains in 14 days! Gains 16 pounds, added 2¼" to each arm, 2¼" to his chest, 1½" to each leg. See what a fresher, more exciting fun-going body he now has—thanks to **Crash Weight Formula #7.** He says, "All I did was follow the plan and drink a few small glasses of delicious **Crash Weight Formula #7**—and the improvement I made in just 14 days was beyond my wildest dreams!" **Shouldn't this happen to you?**

Nobody likes a bag of bones

Flesh out your bones. Fill out your narrow, shallow chest. Your skinny arms. And spindly legs. Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry-looking body. Joe Weider's **Crash-Weight Formula #7** is a new scientifically-blended milkshake-flavored drink that lets you drink on as much as up to 14 pounds in 14 days the easy, the delicious, the relaxed way. Just drink 4 zestful glasses of Crash-Weight natural organic with your regular meals and take in up to 3500 **extra** calories a day. (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) And Crash-Weight does all the work for you. Piling on the pounds and the weight as the days go by. Check the plan you want in the coupon.

Guaranteed to put weight on you and create a new—fresher—more exciting fun-going you or money back!

The Do-It-Yourself Gain-A-Pound-A-Day Kit

This is a 1 day supply of **Crash Weight,** chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier! You want to gain a pound a day? Half a pound a day? Maybe you just want to add a few pounds here and there? You want it easily—enjoyably—without stuffing yourself with heavy-as-lead foods. Now you can. It's as simple as drinking a delicious milkshake.

FREE:

Weight-Gaining and Muscle-Building Course. This 48-page illustrated Guide sent FREE with each Crash-Weight Formula #7 Kit. Crammed with step-by-step instructions in muscle-building and weight-gaining basics. Filled with all the latest ideas and how to adapt them for your own personal, fun-going weight gains!

Fill in this Gain-A-Pound-A-Day-or-Your-Money-Back Guarantee Coupon

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 241-51K10
Trainer of Champions since 1938
531-32nd St., Union City, N.J. 07087

(West of the Rockies:)
Weider Distributors, Inc.
Box 1667
Santa Monica, Calif. 90406

Dear Joe:
I want to put an end to my skinny body and have everyone compliment me on my athletic appearance and muscular gains. Rush me the "pound-a-day" Crash-Weight Formula #7 package I have checked below.

Check Plan & Flavor Desired:
☐ **7-Day Supply...$ 7.50** ☐ **Chocolate**
☐ **14-Day Supply...$14.98** ☐ **Vanilla**

If it doesn't work, I want my money back. OK?

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Canadian orders filled in Canada—no duty to pay.

JOIN THE WEIGHT GAINABLES! DRINK ON NEW POUNDS—FAST! SAFELY!

SERVICEMEN: TO SPEED YOUR ORDER, U. S. Regulations require that shipments to servicemen be **prepaid** — Please add indicated amount as required by your APO or FPO address.

APO or FPO	N.Y.	or S.F.
CRASH-WEIGHT (7-Day	.80	$1.75
CRASH-WEIGHT (14-Day)	1.10	2.75

GIL HODGES' PENNANT FEVER
The excitingly realistic baseball game that lets YOU manage real major league teams!
Every player in both the American and National leagues performs as he does in real life and YOU make the decisions!
RGI

YOU MANAGE... in the most excitingly realistic baseball game you've ever played...

Gil Hodges' PENNANT FEVER

YOU direct the action for every team in the National and American Leagues — over 600 **individually** rated players respond to your decisions with such amazingly real, life-like performances, you'll be amazed!

Power hitters like TONY PEREZ, BOOG POWELL and FRANK HOWARD are a real threat to break open a game every time they dig in at the plate . . . spray hitters like PETE ROSE and CURT FLOOD will flirt with the 200-hit mark . . . strong arm starters like JUAN MARICHAL nd TOM SEAVER will be tough against any batting order . . . on defense, BROOKS ROBINSON will show you why he's called "the vacuum cleaner" around third base!

PENNANT FEVER puts YOU right in the dugout . . . deciding whether sluggers like JOHNNY BENCH and HANK AARON take the 3-and-0 pitch or swing for the fences : . . whether it's time to yank an ace starter like SAM McDOWELL or let him work himself out of a jam . . . whether or not to flash the "GO" sign to speedsters like TOMMY HARPER and BERT CAMPANERIS . . . when to call for the "suicide squeeze" . . . the pitchout . . . the intentional walk. . . .

YOU are the manager — you pick your starting lineups . . . wave in relief pitchers . . . send up pinch hitters . . . YOU decide whether to play percentage baseball or gamble on a hunch!

You can form your own league and keep realistic statistics in every hitting, pitching and fielding department . . . you can make your own player trades between teams and see the results . . . have your own All-Star Game . . . your own playoffs . . . your own World Series!!

Gil Hodges has overlooked no detail in making this the most realistic baseball game ever . . . for example, there will be fewer home runs hit in spacious Dodger Stadium than in Boston's Fenway Park where the short left field fence will make you think twice before using a southpaw pitcher!

Gil Hodges' PENNANT FEVER can be played by one, two or four persons and the average playing time for a nine-inning game is about one hour. The game is handsomely designed in full color . . . the complete price is $6 plus $1 for postage and special protective shipping carton.

CLIP-OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON

SPY-71

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850 Towbin Ave.,
Lakewood, New Jersey 08701

Please send .....copies of PENNANT FEVER @ $7 each with full 30-day money back guarantee.

Enclosed is cash....., check....., money order.....

Name .....

Street .....

City..... **State**..... **Zip**.....